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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1860.

## REVIEWS.

## A JOURNEY IN THE BACK COUNTRY.\*

THE name of Mr. Olmsted is already tolerably familiar to the British public, in connection with the present aspect of the slavery question, and with the condition of the slaveholding states of his native land. It is now some years since, at the suggestion of the editor of the "New York Times," he undertook a somewhat prolonged journey into those districts, in order to make a personal study of the ordinary condition and habits of the people of the South, with a view of coming to some definite conclusion as to the influence exercised by the slave-system, principally upon the dominant classes. His statement of the results of this journey, already partially communicated in two previous works, is finally brought to a close in the volume which is now before us. A considerable portion of this volume is occupied by the final expression of Mr. Olmsted's opinion on the general object of his tour: and the facts upon which his conclusions are grounded must be sought in the two previous as well as in the present instalment of his work. We may, we think, venture to predict that the reputation which he has already gained as an accurate observer of, and a close and candid reasoner from, facts, will not be in any way diminished by the publication of the present volume.

When last we heard of Mr. Olmsted, he was on the point of leaving Texas, having just concluded a journey on horseback through that comparatively little-known region. His way thence to New York naturally lay through some of the most important of the cotton-growing states, which might be expected to afford peculiar facilities for the observation of the system of compulsory labour in its fullest and most perfect state of development. Accordingly, we now find him returning, by a somewhat devious route, through the States of Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessee, with incidental excursions into North and South Carolina. It is, we apprehend, to the three first of these provinces that the term "Back Country" is properly applied. The traveller in these districts who relies solely on public conveyances as a means of locomotion, will find himself compelled by stern necessity to confine his wanderings within a narrow and strictly limited range. Practicable roads are rare in the Back Country, and, as a natural consequence, the supply of stage coaches is proportionally small. Nor do the few which are actually in existence add to the comfort and convenience of the traveller in so material a degree as might perhaps at first sight be not unreasonably expected. Passengers by a Mississippi coach need not, as the driver of one of those vehicles casually observed, "calculate they are gwine to ride very fur;" and the following brief sketch of a journey northward from Memphis, will be sufficient to show that they are likely to meet with some more exciting, if not more pleasant, occupation than that of merely sitting quiet, and wishing that they were at their journey's end:-

"The whole art of driving was directed to the discovery of a passage for the coach among the trees and through the fields, where there were fields adjoining the road—the road itself being impassable,

Occasionally, when the coachman, during the night, found it necessary, owing to the thickness of the forest on each side, to take to the road, he would first leave the coach and make a survey with his lantern, sounding the ruts of the cotton-waggons, and finally marking out a channel by guiding-stakes which he cut from the underwood with a hatchet, usually carried in the holster. If after diligent sounding, he found no passage sufficiently shallow, he would sometimes spend half an hour in preparing one, bringing rails from the nearest fence, or cutting brushwood for the purpose. We were but once or twice during the night called upon to leave the coach, or to assist in road-making, and my companion frequently expressed his gratitude for this—gratitude not to the driver, but to Providence, who had made a country, as he thought, so unusually well adapted for stage coaching. The night before, he had been on a much worse road, and was half the time, with numerous other passengers, engaged in bringing rails, and prying the coach out of sloughs. They had been obliged to keep on the track, because the water was up over the adjoining country. Where the wooden causeway had floated off, they had passed through water so deep that it entered the coach body. With our road of to-day, then, he could only express satisfaction."

The only possible way of really penetrating into the interior of the country, is to follow Mr. Olmsted's example, and ride your own horse throughout the journey. The deficiency in roads and public conveyances is attended, as a natural consequence, by a corresponding deficiency in hotel accommodation; establishments for the reception of travellers being met with only in the larger towns, and even then being generally entirely wanting in what civilised nations are accustomed to regard as the very commonest necessities of decent existence. The traveller in the interior is compelled to seek shelter nightly in the most promising private dwelling that he may find on his road; a state of things which would seem to afford a singularly favourable field for the exercise of what, if Southerners may be believed, is, *par excellence*, the peculiar virtue of the South. Among the many amiable characteristics by which the Southern planters are distinguished, there is none of which they are more proud, or which they trumpet more loudly upon all possible occasions, than that of hospitality. Any objection to slavery, on moral or other grounds, is pretty sure to be met by a Southern disputant by a triumphant reference to the princely hospitality which is popularly supposed to be, in a peculiar sense, the growth and offshoot of the slave system. Mr. Olmsted's experience, however, tends to prove that the traveller who, relying on the Southern estimate of Southern virtues, ventures into the interior of the country, is likely to find himself woefully disappointed. It is quite true that the wealthiest planters, who do not generally reside on their estates, are in the habit, on the rare occasions of their visits to their plantations, of bringing with them a large number of their personal friends, who are doubtless entertained in a truly magnificent and princely manner: and this, says Mr. Olmsted, is absolutely the only ground on which rests the hospitable reputation of the South. But, as far as regards the casual traveller, unfurnished with special letters of introduction, there is literally no hospitality at all, in its strict sense of gratuitous accommodation for man and beast. The traveller who is fortunate enough to find his request for a night's lodging favourably received, is invariably expected, before his departure, to pay a high price for accommodation which is generally of the scantiest character. It is of course perfectly right and reasonable that a traveller should, even in a private house, pay for the trouble he has given and the entertain-

ment he has received; but the entertainer in such a case, though undoubtedly a most useful member of society, has obviously no special claim to the title of a hospitable man. This distinction, however, obvious as it may appear to be, is too fine-drawn for Southern intellects, of whose wilful obtuseness in this respect the following anecdote, told by Mr. Olmsted, affords an amusingly conclusive proof:-

"A naturalist, the author of a well known standard work, who has made several tours of observation in the slave states, lately confided to me that he believed that the popular report of Southern hospitality must be a popular romance, for never, during all his travels in the South, had he chanced to be entertained for a single night, except by gentlemen to whom he was formally presented by letter, or who had previously been under obligations to him, without paying for it in money, and to an amount quite equal to the value received. By the wealthier, a night's entertainment had been frequently refused him, under circumstances which, as must have been evident to them, rendered his further progress seriously inconvenient. Once, while in company with a foreign naturalist—a titled man—he had been dining at the inn of a small county-town, when a certain locally distinguished judge had seen fit to be eloquent at the dinner-table upon the advantages of slavery in maintaining a class of 'high-toned gentlemen,' referring especially to the proverbial hospitality of Southern plantations, which he described as quite a bewilderment to strangers, and nothing like which was to be found in any country unblessed with slavery, or institutions equivalent to it. It so happened that the following night the travellers, on approaching a plantation mansion in quest of lodgings, were surprised to find that they had fallen upon the residence of this same judge, who recognised them, and welcomed them and bade them be at home. Embarrassed by a recollection of his discourse on hospitality, it was with some difficulty that one of them, when they were taking leave next morning, brought himself to inquire what he might pay for the entertainment they had received. He was at once relieved by the judge's prompt response, 'Dollar and a quarter apiece, I reckon.'

But even on these terms the traveller will, as we have already hinted, frequently find it extremely difficult to obtain accommodation. Mr. Olmsted's experience goes to prove that it is at least an even chance that his application for a night's lodging will meet with a decided, and possibly an uncourteous, negative. On one occasion, in particular, our author, when suffering from a sudden and severe attack of illness, was turned away from no less than five houses in succession, his representations of his unfitness to continue his journey being met by the conclusive observation, "Well, you see, since the railroad was done, people here don't reckon to take in travellers as they once did: so few come along, they don't find their account in being ready for them." This instance of planters' hospitality occurred in Virginia. Even if the traveller is fortunate enough to obtain accommodation, it is, in most cases, of the scantiest possible description. If the fare be somewhat coarser and less palatable than he may have hoped or expected to meet with, he may fall back upon the consolation volunteered on one occasion by one of Mr. Olmsted's travelling companions, that "it's lucky he'll have something better to travel on to-night than them French fritterized Dutch flabbergasted hell-fixins;" but filthy sheets, and an abundant and invariable supply of the most ferocious vermin, are arrangements for which it is less easy to find a plausible justification, and which do not tend to excite our envy of that high state of civilisation to which, if Southern writers are to be believed, none but slaveholders can ever hope to attain.

The most important, if not the most amusing, part of Mr. Olmsted's present volume is

\* *A Journey in the Back Country.* By Frederick Law Olmsted, author of "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," &c. (London: Sampson Low and Co.)

unquestionably to be found in the conclusions at which he arrives on the general question of the justice and policy of the system of slavery. It is scarcely necessary to intimate that these conclusions are unfavourable to the last degree. But Mr. Olmsted, though a native of a free state, is far from being a bigoted abolitionist; and, when he undertook his journey of inspection into the slave states, he did so with a tendency rather to overrate than to underrate the value of the pleas by which the holders of slaves are wont to justify the system under which they live. These pleas are, broadly, of two kinds, consisting either in a bold and absolute declaration of the justice of slavery, or in the more qualified assertion that, even though the system may not be justifiable on abstract grounds of equity and morality, the benefits which arise from it are far more than sufficient to counterbalance any evils which can possibly be traced to the same source. The only possible absolute justification of slavery lies, of course, in the broad denial of the humanity of the negro—or, to quote the forcible language of a Southern writer, of “the mighty world-wide imposture which rests upon the dogma, the single assumption, the sole elementary foundation-falsehood, that a negro is a black man.” This is a point which the Southerners have at last settled entirely to their satisfaction. They have submitted the question to the most learned anatomists and theologians of their own universities, who with conclusive unanimity have combined in recognising “the great primary truth that a negro is a slave by nature, and can never be happy, industrious, moral, or religious, in any other condition than the one he is intended to fill.” The reader may be glad to know the scientific grounds on which this highly satisfactory conclusion rests. “It is,” says Professor Cartwright, of the University of Louisiana, “this defective hematosis or atmospherisation of the blood, conjoined with a deficiency of cerebral matter in the cranium, and an excess of nervous matter distributed to the organs of sensation and assimilation, that is the true cause of that debasement of mind which has rendered the people of Africa unable to take care of themselves.” This explanation, however, though doubtless quite satisfactory in the case of the full-blooded black, is scarcely applicable to those slaves who have but a few drops of negro blood in their veins. But even in this case science is not without resources. A real God-ordained slave, says the same learned Professor, can be surely known by a careful analysis of “the mental functions,” and a close scrutiny of “the membranes, muscles, and tendons, of all the fluids and secretions, and of the brain, the nerves, the chyle, and all the humours:” to which trifling operations we must add an examination of the bones, which, in a genuine Canaanite, contain an excess of earthy phosphates, and are deficient in gelatine. The only drawback to this doubtless infallible process is that it can scarcely be fully and satisfactorily carried out without reducing its object to a condition in which it can be of very little importance to his owner whether he be a descendant of Ham or no. It must, therefore, be no small comfort to the careful and conscientious slaveholder to know that it is not absolutely necessary to proceed to such unpleasant extremities, and that it is sufficient to examine the eyes of the supposed slave, which, if he have even a drop of black blood in his veins, will exhibit “something like the *membrana nictitans*, formed by a pernatorial enlargement of the *plica lunaris* in the inner *canthus*.” But, as an overseer’s notions as to the precise nature

of the *membrana nictitans* and the *plica lunaris* are, perhaps, likely to be somewhat loose and undefined, we should, we think, recommend him, on the whole, to rely upon the more general test mentioned by the editor of “The Richmond Whig,” and to be guided by “the amount of villainy reflected in the eyes” of the subject under examination, a test which, we imagine, can scarcely fail in any case to lead to the desired result. It is true that, after all, even this test is liable to a modified form of the same objection which we learn, on the authority of the Biglow Papers, to have once occurred to the celebrated John C. Calhoun:—

“*If looks wuz to settle it (horrid reflection)  
Wich of our nabbles body’d be safe?*”

It is scarcely necessary to devote any time to indicating the manner in which this plea is received by Mr. Olmsted, or indeed by any man whose judgment is not entirely blinded by considerations of self-interest. Nor does Mr. Olmsted’s experience lead him to allow any more material value to the other plea, which asserts that the system of slavery is productive of advantages both to slaveholder and slave, which more than counterbalance any evils by which it can possibly be attended. Except in the case of house-servants, there is, he says, no humanising effect produced on the slave by intercourse with the white man; such intercourse being, in the case of the field-hand, generally confined to the administration of punishment on the one side, and to its reception on the other. The real truth is that the field-negro is in as low and brutish a condition as can possibly be reached by a human being. And indeed how can this be otherwise when he has no sense of responsibility, no motive for exertion beyond the fear of the lash? when he is denied the disposition of his own time and labour, and the free enjoyment of the results of that labour? and when, for the purpose of keeping him in this state of vassalage, the ordinary facilities for intellectual improvement, so essential to civilisation and religion, are carefully withheld from him? For, though it is a very common, yet it is none the less an entirely mistaken notion, that a religious and well-conducted negro is, *ceteris paribus*, preferred by a planter to one of an entirely opposite character. Mr. Olmsted took every opportunity of asking this very question; and he invariably met with the same answer, that a religious negro generally made trouble, and they were glad to get rid of him. The negro preachers especially are usually the worst characters of all, and make their religion a cloak for especial depravity. The fact seems to be that the negro in his present state, though eminently open to religious impressions, does not seem for a moment to comprehend or entertain the notion of allowing such impressions to act in any way on his daily life and conduct. This view of the case is entirely confirmed by the testimony of clergymen who have undertaken missionary labours among slaves, in those few places where such labours are permitted by the owners. Mr. Olmsted gives an amusing, and we fear a too correct, picture of the pious negro, in the person of one of that class with whom he held the following conversation on one of his journeys:—

“I suppose,” said I, “I can stop at any house along the road here, can’t I? They’ll all take in travellers?”

“Yes, sir, if you’ll take rough fare, such as travellers has to, sometimes. They’re all dam’d rascals along dis road, for ten or twelve miles, and you’ll git nothin’ but rough fare. But I say, massa, rough fare’s good enough for dis world; aint it, massa? Dis world aint nothin’; dis is hell, dis is; I calls it hell to what’s a comin’ arter, ha! ha! Ef you’s

prepared? you says. I don’t look much’s if I was prepared, does I? nor talk like it, nuther. De Lord he cum to me in my cabin in de night time, in de year ‘45.

“What?”

“De Lord! massa, de blessed Lord! He cum to me in de night time, in de year ‘45, and he says to me, says he, ‘I’ll spare you yet five year longer, old boy!’ So when ‘50 cum round, I thought my time had cum, sure; but as I didn’t die, I reckon de Lord has ‘cepted of me, and I specs I shall be saved, dough I don’t look much like it, ha! ha! ho! ho! De Lord am-my rock, and he shall not perwail over me. I will lie down in green pastures and take up my bed in hell, yet will not his mercy circumvent me. Got some tobacco, master?”

Before leaving the subject of religious conversation, we cannot forbear from giving one or two specimens of the manner in which the white men of the south are in the habit of conversing on these subjects. One of Mr. Olmsted’s travelling companions, a colonel, having his reminiscences of camp meetings aroused by some trifling incident of travel, proceeded to describe his experiences in the following terms:—

“I used to go first for fun, and oh! Lord, haint I had some fun at camp meetings! But after a while I got a conviction—needn’t laugh, gentlemen. I tell you it was sober business for me. I’ll never make fun of that. The truth just is, I am a melancholy case; I thought I was a pious man once, I did—I’m damned if I didn’t. Don’t laugh at what I say, now; I don’t want fun made of that; I give you my word I experienced religion, and I used to go to the meetings with as much sincerity and soberness as anybody could. That was the time I learned to sing—learned to pray too, I did; could pray right smart. I did think I was a converted man, but of course, I aint, and I ‘spose ‘twarn’t the right sort, and I don’t reckon I shall have another chance. A gentleman has a right to make the most of this life, when he can’t calculate on any thing better than roasting in the next. Aint that so, Judge? I reckon so. You mustn’t think hard of me, if I do talk wicked some. Can’t help it.”

On another occasion, when he was in a village inn on a Sunday, he met with two or three men, who announced that they “had been to the preachin’;” and the following conversation ensued respecting the sermon, which had been a defence of infant baptism:—

“I’m damned,” said one, “if he teched on the primary significance of baptism at all—burlyin’ with Jesus.”

“They wus the weakest arguments for sprinklin’ that ever I heerd,” said another—a hot, red-faced, corpulent man—and his sermon was two hours long, for when he stopped I looked at my watch. I thought it should be a lesson to me, for I couldn’t help going to sleep. Says I to Uncle John, says I—he set next to me, and I whispered to him—says I, ‘When he gits to Bunker Hill, you wake me up, for I see he was bound to go clear back to the beginnin’ of things.’

“Uncle John is an Episcopalian, aint he?”

“Yes.”

“Well, there aint no religion in that, no how.”

“No there aint.”

“Well now, you wouldn’t think it, but I’ve studied into religion a heap in my life.”

“Don’t seem to have done you much good.”

“No it haint, not yet, but I’ve studied into it, and I know what it is.”

“There aint but one way, Benny.”

“I know it.”

“Repent of your sins, and believe in Christ, and be immersed, that’s all.”

“I know it.”

“Well, I hope the Lord’ll bring you to it, ‘fore you die.”

“Reckon he will—hope so, sure.”

“You wouldn’t hardly think that fat man was a preacher himself, would you?” said the landlady to me, after they left.

“Certainly not.”

Nor does Mr. Olmsted think that the effect

of slavery upon the slaveholder is at all more beneficial than it is upon the slave. Of all possible methods of justifying slavery, the southern planter is perhaps most warmly attached to that which argues that, by having a well-defined class set apart for drudging and servile labour, the remainder of a community may be preserved from the debasing habits and traits of character which, it is alleged, servile and menial obligations, and the necessity of a constant devotion to labour, are sure to fix upon those who are subject to them. Hence a peculiar advantage in morals and manners is believed to belong to a community so divided. How far there is any such peculiar advantage in the matter of hospitality we have already seen. Mr. Olmsted is prepared to admit that there are to be found among the southern planters some of those pleasing qualities—virtues they can hardly be called—which are to be met with among the wealthiest and best-educated families in a frontier community. There is, he says, "boldness, directness, largeness, confidence, with the effect of the habitual sense of superiority to most of the community—not superiority of wealth and power from wealth merely, but of a mind well stocked and refined by such advantages of education as only very unusual wealth can procure in a scattered and frontier community." Whatever value we may be inclined to attach to qualities such as these, we must remember that they are common to all forms of half-civilised society, and do not belong exclusively to that especial phase of semi-civilisation which is the consequence of slavery; and as civilisation advances, and the distinction between the various classes in the community becomes less marked, they must necessarily disappear, and be replaced by other qualities of more sterling and permanent value. Another point in which the slaveholding system acts injuriously on the character of the governing classes is by hopelessly blunting that peculiar quality, the very essence of true manhood, which restrains us from using violence to a defenceless man. Even the commonest impulse of magnanimity is impossible to men who are in the constant habit of seeing men and women brutally ill-treated under circumstances which render resistance on their part totally impracticable. It is owing to the influence of slavery in this respect, that the southern gentleman never dreams of securing fair play to his opponent in a quarrel; that the ruffian Brooks received from his compatriots the palm of chivalry and nobility for his attack on Sumner; and that such an occurrence as the following, which is so difficult of belief that at first sight we are tempted to rank it with the well-known Georgian railway story, should be possible in a *sor-didam* civilised community:—

"A gentlemen of veracity, now living in the South, told me that among his friends he had once numbered two young men, who were themselves intimate friends, till one of them, taking offence at some foolish words uttered by the other, challenged him. A large crowd assembled to see the duel, which took place on a piece of prairie ground. The combatants came armed with rifles, and at the first interchange of shots the challenged man fell disabled by a ball in the thigh. The other, throwing down his rifle, walked toward him, and kneeling by his side, drew a bowie knife, and deliberately butchered him. The crowd of bystanders not only permitted this, but the execrable assassin still lives in the community, has since married, and, as far as my informant could judge, his social position has been rather advanced than otherwise, from thus dealing with his enemy."

Another danger to which slaveholders are liable is the corruption of the morals of the younger members of their families by associa-

tion with slaves, who are purposely kept in a condition which involves the grossest immorality almost as a necessary consequence. Of this danger the planters themselves are generally well aware; but in many cases where the will exists, circumstances deprive them of the power of removing their children beyond the reach of this degrading influence.

Such being Mr. Olmsted's convictions respecting the evils which are incidental to the slave system, it may perhaps be expected that he should suggest some remedy for them. This, however, he does not attempt, thinking, perhaps, that such an endeavour lies beyond his province, or, possibly, that the task is too hard for his philosophy. But one thing seems clear, that an abrupt emancipation of the slaves is, in their present condition, out of the question. "Make 'em free, and leave 'em here, and they'd steal everything we made: nobody couldn't live here then," was the remark made to Mr. Olmsted by a man who "expected that niggers was a great cuss to this country;" and there is no doubt that he was right. But, in looking forward to the future of slavery, Mr. Olmsted dwells on the fact that it must ultimately die out of itself, unless it find some source of slave-supply more abundant than that afforded by the slave-breeding states of the Union. Of the reality of this prospect the slaveholders are themselves well aware; and accordingly many of the more advanced southern newspapers are clamouring for the re-establishment of the African slave-trade, and threatening that if it be not granted to them by Congress, they will take it for themselves. The carrying out of these menaces would infallibly lead to a disunion, and probably to a war, between the free and the slave states. While we heartily depurate the occurrence of so fearful a calamity as this, we cannot but be glad to hear Mr. Olmsted's deliberate opinion, based upon a detailed examination of facts, that, in the event of such a struggle taking place, the chances of success would be on the side of the free states.

To the mind of the English reader the question of the justice or expedience of slavery is so far from being in any way an open one, that he may very possibly think that an unnecessarily large portion of Mr. Olmsted's work is devoted to this branch of his subject. But we must remember that Mr. Olmsted writes in the first instance for an American audience, to whom this matter is one of vital, because of personal, interest. For our own part, we are not ashamed to confess that, so great is the amusement that we have derived from our author's graphic and spirited sketches of southern life and manners, that we should not be unwilling to exchange some of his weightier chapters, instructive as they unquestionably are, for an equivalent quantity of lighter and merely descriptive matter from the pages of his journal.

#### LIFE OF GEORGE FOX.\*

THERE is no more difficult task in the department of biography than to depict the life of an earnest but fanatical man. The praise due to his earnestness, and the contempt inspired by his fanaticism, are two strikingly antagonistic forces; and between them the biographer is often strangely perplexed. The character of George Fox is eminently of this order. Endowed with a conscientiousness and a fearless energy in the expression of his convictions which are beyond all praise, he yet was guilty of extravagances of action and opinion which

\* *The Life of George Fox, the Founder of the Quakers.* By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A., M.R.S.L. (London: Saunders, Otley and Co. 1860.)

we can scarcely too strongly condemn or deplore. His ready wit and acute logic prevent us from ranking him amongst mere fanatics, whilst his fanaticism forbids us to class him with men like Wesley. At the same time, we believe that had he enjoyed the advantages which fell to the latter great man, he would have been scarcely below him as a religious reformer. As it was, we are bound to place him amongst those who have a strong nature partially infected with an hysterical form of insanity, have had a vision of what seemed inspired truth, and have been able to persuade certain others the same thing.

The biographer whose work is now before us, has been successful in his treatment of so difficult a subject. He has brought George Fox vividly before us; and instead of following the common practice of making biography an instrument for the unwelcome preaching of the author's own opinions, has allowed Fox to speak for himself without any of that showman-like accompaniment which forms the staple of so many works of the same class. The style is too quaint to be entirely agreeable; but, on the whole, the biography is very satisfactory. It is impartial and free from bigotry—an extraordinary merit in recording the history of a religious innovator. But, above all things, we put the author forward as a model for biographers, in one important point: he fully understands that what we want to know is not the opinions of the Rev. J. S. Watson, but the opinions and exploits of George Fox.

The only good biographies of George Fox are to be found in "*The History of the Quakers*," by John Gough and William Sewel, published in London, in two volumes, in the year 1799. Gough and Sewel were both members of the body. Gerald Creese, or Giraldus Crusius, of Amsterdam, also wrote a "*Historia Quakerana*" in Latin, on the whole very hostile to that sect; and in 1696, one Kolhaus, himself a Quaker, wrote a reply to the animadversions of Creese, in a work entitled "*Dilucidations quedam valde necessarie in Giraldi Crusii Historiam Quakeranam.*"

George Fox was born at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in the year 1624. His father was a weaver, and apparently a man of a religious turn of mind. But even in a pious family, the piety of George Fox when a mere boy was extraordinary. The display of this fervent devotion, inclined his friends to make him a clergyman; but more material considerations intervened, and he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. Those who are fond of speculating on the results of potential events, might find ample material in considering what would have been the difference in the records of the history of opinion, had George Fox gone to Oxford or Cambridge. As it was, George came to the conclusion, in which some headstrong persons in our own day coincide, that "to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not sufficient to qualify a man to be a minister of the Gospel." Besides shoemaking, George had to spend a great portion of his time in tending cattle, and undoubtedly this compulsory solitude must have had a powerful influence upon the formation of his character. It has always been so. Religious reformers, from Mahomet and Benedict downwards, have invariably passed much of their earlier life in seclusion and solitude. Whilst in this position, Fox began to be strangely troubled in his mind, and the description of his state reminds us wonderfully of Bunyan's notable work, "*Grace Abounding.*" He applied to many persons for explanation of his tormented condition, and for spiritual comfort. He found no assistance,

however, from this source. One priest bade him smoke tobacco and sing psalms, to which Fox replied that he hated tobacco, and was too despondent to sing. Another attempt to procure consolation was futile, because, as George happened to be talking with and seeking the advice of a reverend vicar, he inadvertently set his foot on a handsome flower-bed, which enraged the divine, says the unlucky George, "as much as if I had set his house on fire." Another priest, named Macham, was wise enough to recommend phlebotomy and physic, but the phlebotomy failed, inasmuch as it was found impracticable to draw any blood from his body, so thoroughly dried up was it with sorrow and grief; and the physic would not operate, probably for similar reasons.

About this time George began to receive divine communications of various sorts. Into these we need not now enter. Suffice it to say, that from them he derived the different doctrines which, in course of time, developed themselves into the scheme of Quakerism. George discovered that God does not dwell in temples made with hands; that every man receives light directly and immediately from God upon his birth "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world;" that it is unscriptural to countenance any form of oath; that *thou* and *thee* are the humble methods of address which all Christians ought to adopt; that taking off the hat is an honour of which man is not worthy. There is a somewhat amusing story in connection with the latter custom, which is also illustrative of George's skill in dialectic:—

"They had to lie nine weeks in prison before the assizes came on, at which Judge Glyn, the chief justice of England, presided. When they were brought into the court, they stood with their hats on, and George was moved to say to the assembly, 'Peace be amongst you!'

"Who are these you have brought into court?" asked Judge Glyn of the jailer.

"Prisoners, my lord," replied the jailer.

"Why do they not put off their hats, then?" inquired the judge.

"But the prisoners gave no heed to the intimation."

"The court commands you to put off your hats," said the judge.

"Then," says George, "I spake and said, 'Where did ever any magistrate, king, or judge, from Moses to Daniel, command any to put off their hats when they came before them in their courts, either among the Jews, the people of God, or amongst the heathens? And if the law of England doth command any such thing, show me the law either written or printed.'

"Then the judge grew very angry, and said "I do not carry my law-books on my back."

"But," said I, "tell me where it is written in any statute-book, that I may read it."

"Then said the judge, 'Take him away,'—prisoner."

"So they took us away, and put us among the thieves. Presently after he calls to the jailer, 'Bring them up again.'

"Come," said he, "where had they hats from Moses to Daniel? Come, answer me; I have you fast now."

"I replied, 'Thou mayest read in the third of Daniel, that the three children were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's command, with their coats, their hose, and their hats on.'

"This plain instance stopped him, so that, not having anything else to say, he cried again, 'Take them away, jailer.'

The usage of *thou* and *thee* instead of *you*, is a curious instance of how a form is kept up when the spirit has vanished. In the 17th century, when Fox introduced this use, there was a real distinction between the employment of the singular and that of the plural—*thou* being

applied to the poor, and *you* to the wealthy and influential.

The entire life of Fox was one of self-sacrifice and humiliation. Clad in his memorable suit of leather, he used to travel all over the country, preaching "such light as was in him," regardless of the terrors of the law and the mob. Brow-beaten by judges, or greeted with blows and abuse by the crowd, he never scrupled to declare his convictions. Some of the horrors through which he passed, and the treatment to which he was subjected, are so infamous as to be scarcely credible. At Cork he was whipped through the streets by the hangman. At Bartholomew Fair he was nearly torn in pieces by the multitude. At Ulverstone on one occasion he was knocked down in the church, kicked, trampled upon. He was afterwards taken out of the church, whipped by the constables, and then put out of the town. Here, however, there was a sort of conflict between George's partisans and his adversaries; until the latter becoming victorious, they got some hedge-stakes and holly branches, and "dressed him till he fell senseless." Nor was this all. When George came to his senses again, he found himself lying on a wet common and the people standing round him, whereupon "the power of the Lord sprang through him, and the eternal refreshings refreshed him," and stretching out his arms towards the multitude, he exclaimed, "Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and my cheeks." The remainder of the painful narrative we quote from Mr. Watson:—

"A mason took him at his word, and, aiming a blow at him with his staff, struck him violently on the back of the hand, so that his arm was for a while benumbed, and the people thought that he would never have the use of it again; but in a few moments the divine power sprang through him once more, and he recovered strength in his hand and arm, in the sight of them all. Then, being moved with love towards his persecutors, he declared to them the word of life in return for their evil treatment, and they, probably thinking they had gone far enough, listened to him. When he came to examine his person in the evening, he found that his body and arms were yellow, black, and blue, with the blows that he had received."

Amongst the most interesting passages in Fox's life are those in which he was brought into direct communication with the greatest man of his time. These interviews are strikingly characteristic both of the less and the greater man. We quote an account of one of them:—

"The Protector then signified that he wished to see George, who was accordingly conducted to him by Captain Drury, the following morning, at Whitehall, at so early an hour that Oliver was not yet dressed. George, as he entered, said, 'Peace be to this house!' and, as he was fond of admonishing all men, high and low, he at once began to bid the Protector 'keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from Him, that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand to God's glory.'

"I spake much to him of truth," says George, in his account of the interview, "and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with priests, whom he called ministers: I told him that I did not quarrel with them, but they quarrelled with me and my friends. 'But,' said I, 'if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds, as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit.' George then dwelt on the text, 'Freely ye have received, freely give,' and denounced all preaching for hire. He observed, too, that though all Christians had the Scriptures, they wanted the spirit of those who gave forth the Scriptures, and that that was the reason why they were not in fellowship with the

Son, or with the Father, or one with another. 'As I spoke,' says George, 'he would several times say it was very good, and it was truth. Many more words I had with him, but, people coming in, I drew a little back, and, as I was turning, he caught me by the hand, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other;" adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him if he did he wronged his own soul, and I bid him hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in His counsel, and obey it; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. And he said it was true. Then went I out; and when Captain Drury came out after me, he told me his Lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would.'

Notwithstanding the countenance of the Protector, George Fox was always subject to the harshest treatment from the authorities, and he spent no inconsiderable portion of his life in confinement of the most unjust description. George, in the course of his peregrinations, visited Ireland. On landing at Dublin, he fancied that the air had an unpleasant smell, which he attributed to the quantity of blood that had been shed during the many popish massacres. This attempt at explanation can only be compared with the theory broached by a pulpit-orator some few weeks ago, to the effect that the wet weather arose from the operation of two causes: first, the Legislature having passed the Divorce Act; and second, the Government having neglected to quell the riots of St. George's in the East. From Ireland, George Fox came to Bristol, where he married Margaret Fell, the widow of Justice Fell, who had befriended him in Lancaster. After about a week's honeymoon, the newly-wedded couple separated, each going on their missionary enterprises. On the twelfth of June, 1670, George sailed for America, where he spent two years.

On his return, he resumed his itinerant preaching and teaching, interspersed with the usual amount of unjust imprisonment. In the early part of 1677 he visited Holland, in company with Barclay, author of the "Apology," and the still more illustrious Penn. The party returned in October of the same year. In the following year, Fox addressed a letter to the King of Poland, requesting liberty of worship for the Friends in his Majesty's dominions. This being ineffectual, after an interval of six years, George followed it up by another, equally so. At the same time he exhorted the Great Turk and the Dey of Algiers:—

"George Fox continued his labours till debility obliged him to relinquish them. He had never wholly recovered from the effects of his long imprisonment, and, during the latter years of his life, gradually grew weaker and weaker, till, on the evening of the 13th of November, 1690, he died, in great tranquillity, at the house of a Quaker named Henry Gouldney, in Whitehart Court, after having addressed a congregation, in the early part of the day, at the meeting-house in Gracechurch Street."

Fox was emphatically an honest man. Every action of his life was marked with entire sincerity of purpose; and, whilst we deeply deplore the excesses of which he was guilty, we may pardon them the more readily as being of a sort little likely to attract followers or imitators in our own material age.

#### THE TWO DE VERES.\*

WE do not often see talent hereditarily perpetuated. With the exception, perhaps, of Pitt in statesmanship, of Disraeli in literature, and

\*Historical Dramas, By the late Sir Aubrey De Vere, Bart. (London: Pickering.) Poems. By Aubrey De Vere, (London: Burns and Lambert.)

of Kean in the drama, we have really no signal instances of great sons representing the talent, and perpetuating the *prestige*, of great sires. We shall be readily excused for not pointing out the drivelling degeneracy of men who bear the name and the flesh—everything but the brain—of distinguished fathers. The task would be not only invidious and unpleasant, but a perfectly endless one. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to add one more name to the few and famous men who have inherited the genius as well as the patronymics of their gifted sires. The late Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., was a poet and historical dramatist, of whom Ireland may well be proud. No Irish pen has ever thrown off the sonnet with more exquisite completeness than Sir Aubrey de Vere. The majesty, severity, and difficulty of that form of composition attracted him towards it, and he at once created anew its beauties, and mastered its wondrous scope. A chivalrous sentiment, and a reverence for monarchical and sacred institutions, which had dignified his genius from his earliest youth, may be said to have inspired the "Historical Sonnet," with which, *par excellence*, the name of Sir Aubrey de Vere will be forever interwoven. But although a zealous loyalist, Sir Aubrey had a hearty appreciation of the blessings of liberty—of civil and religious freedom; and his love for his country was second only to his love for God. In the "Lamentation of Ireland" the noble impulses to which we allude found eloquent and touching expression. As a patriot he is worthy of all veneration. Sir Aubrey de Vere belonged by birth, station, and descent to the aristocracy; and the refined popular tendencies which he occasionally manifested were exceedingly delightful and remarkable. He lived in a day when the Irish nobility, with the memorable exception of Cloncurry—who, by the way, was not an aristocrat by family descent—shrank from espousing the cause of their oppressed and degraded fellow-countrymen. Sir Aubrey generously extended to them a helping hand, and he dropped into a premature grave, surrounded by his people's blessings. The three great historical dramas with which his name is inseparably entwined, are the "Duke of Mercia"; "Julian the Apostate," dedicated to Edmund Earl of Limerick, "in testimony of affection and respect, by his nephew"; and "Mary Tudor," the especial aptitude of whose character for histrionic effect had long struck Sir Aubrey forcibly. Among the few who had enthusiastically recognised the austere genius of De Vere, was the late William Wordsworth, a man who has only himself begun to be properly appreciated since death quenched the bright light of his mind. As a mark of gratitude De Vere dedicated to Wordsworth his "Devout Exercises and Sonnets." We can trace the modesty of true genius in that simple earnest dedication. "In accepting the dedication of this volume," he wrote, "you permit me to link my name—which I have hitherto done so little to illustrate—with yours, the noblest of modern literature. I may at least hope to be named hereafter as one among the friends of Wordsworth."

Of his shorter poems, those on the "Battle of Waterloo" and the "Liberty of the Press" are probably calculated to make the most lasting impression. In selecting the great theme of Waterloo he anticipated, if we mistake not, both Byron and Scott—a subject which, although strongly inspiring to a poet's mind, led to the worst poem of the latter, while it probably occasioned the ablest effort of Byron's pen.

In thus earnestly offering our tribute of respect to the memory and mind of the late

Sir Aubrey de Vere, we have left ourselves little space wherein to notice the great and many claims to public attention and eulogy which the achievements of his son, Aubrey de Vere, Esq., have created and demand. His person and power constitute not only a worthy representation of his father's mind and worth, but, if possible, an improvement on both. As a patriot in honest practical prose, his "English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds," deserves a sincere expression of popular gratitude; while, as a patriot poet, his "Year of Sorrow," descriptive of the Irish famine of 1847, possesses deep yet painful interest, and displays genuine national feeling. It is divided into four parts, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. If Sir Aubrey de Vere was expert at the sonnet, his son is not less so; and while the father's lines were often on topics of homely attraction, the son's are generally devoted to subjects of purely classic interest: take for example the "Pillar of Trajan," "Birds in the Baths of Dioclesian," "The Arch of Titus," and "The Campagna, seen from St. John Lateran." But Mr. De Vere's sonnets are far from being exclusively classic; for instance, "A Convent School in a Corrupt City," which is among the finest moral musings we have ever heard:—

"Hark how they laugh, those children at their sport!  
O'er all this city vast, that knows not sleep,  
Labour and sin their ceaseless vigil keep:  
Yet better still good angels make resort:  
Innocence here, and with a single fort  
Maintain: and though in many a snake-like sweep  
Corruption round the weedy walls doth creep,  
Its track not yet hath shamed this sunny court.  
Glory to God, who so the world hath framed,  
That in all places children more abound  
Than they by whom humanity is shamed.  
Children out-number men: and millions die  
(Who knows not this?) in blameless infancy.  
Sowing with innocence our sin-stained ground."

Mr. De Vere's book contains quite as many ballads as sonnets. "Henry II. at the Tomb of King Arthur" deserves notice.

Much of Mr. De Vere's poetry is of a strongly metaphysical character; and we are occasionally reminded of some of Shelley's bursts. But the infidel tone which disfigures the poetry of that great thinker, is never echoed by Mr. De Vere. On the contrary, his religious tendencies are everywhere apparent, and it is impossible not to respect as well as admire him. The practical purpose of his philosophical poetry is also highly creditable. We may particularly instance "Fragments of Truth," "Lines on the Fall of Bacon," "Modern Philosophy," and "Liberalism."

We find in an old number of the *Examiner* the following characteristic effusion from W. S. Landor, which fortifies some of the positions we have taken up:—

"TO AUBREY DE VERE.

"Welcome! who last hast climbed the cloven hill,  
Forsaken by its Muses and their God!  
Show us the way; we miss it young and old.  
Rose that cannot clasp their languid leaves,  
Puffy, and colourless, and overblown,  
Encumber all our walks of poetry.  
The satin slipper and the mirror boot  
Delight in prancing them; but who hath trackt  
A Grace's naked foot amid them all?  
Or who hath seen (ah! how few care to see!)  
The close-bound tresses and the robe succinct?  
Thou hast; and she hath placed her palm in thine.  
Walk ye together in our fields and groves.  
We have gay birds and graver, we have none  
Of varied note, none to whose harmony  
Late hours will listen, none who sings alone.  
Make thy proud name yet prouder for thy sons,  
Aubrey de Vere! Fling far aside all heed  
Of that hyena race whose growls and smiles  
Alternate, and which neither blows nor food,  
Nor stern nor gentle brow, domesticate.  
Await some Cromwell, who alone hath strength  
Of heart to dash down its wild wantonness,  
And fasten its fierce grin with steady gaze.  
Come, re-ascend with me the steps of Greece  
With firmer foot than mine. None stop our road,  
And few will follow: we shall breathe apart  
That pure fresh air, and drink the untroubled spring.  
Lead thou the way; I knew it once; my sight  
May miss old marks; lead me thy hand; press on;  
Elastic is thy step, thy guidance sure."

#### MGR. DUPANLOUP ON THE PAPAL SOVEREIGNTY.\*

MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP is at the present time one of the foremost men of the French Church. Gifted with great abilities, he has had the fortune to be mixed up with a great number of the most prominent persons and events of his time. He was born near Chambéry, when Savoy was a portion of the department of Mont Blanc; he has been presented to Charles Albert when Charles Albert was the sovereign of his native country; and he has seen that country once more absorbed within the boundaries of France. In the early part of his career he received the dying Talleyrand into the bosom of the Church, when, as a French journal of the time profanely but pithily remarked, the latter had only one treason left to commit, and that was against his old friend the devil. Mgr. Dupanloup was director to the Duke of Bordeaux and to the Orleanist Queen Amelia; and amid the events of the last two years he has been conspicuous for his devoted advocacy of the cause of the Pope. His talents are unquestionable, and while his views and conduct have ever been subjected to considerable criticism, it is generally admitted that he is now the first preacher of the Church of Bossuet and Massillon.

Now, a very able man defending a very desperate cause is not an every-day spectacle. Mgr. Dupanloup's work is therefore very likely to attract a goodly number of readers, and we can promise that it will not disappoint any one who peruses it. It would be no less unfair to apply to it an English standard of taste than an English standard of religion. There are passages which, in a translation—always an unfair criterion, however carefully executed—appear somewhat inflated and rhetorical; but there are others of genuine eloquence. The book generally displays considerable care in the accumulation of facts and the citation of authorities. The reasoning is lucid and forcible. In a word, all that can be said for the Pope is said—

"Si Pergama dextris  
Servari possent, etiam haec servata fuissent."

Much at the outset of Mgr. Dupanloup's work is taken up with dissertations on points respecting which controversialists never will agree. The readers of the late Professor Hussey's lectures will not be disposed to concur in all the assumptions which they will meet with here touching the absolute supremacy of the early Popes. But with matters like these we do not now propose to deal. Polemical prejudices, in fact, have obscured in no small degree the question at issue. Good people of all sorts will persist in arguing about affairs in which the Pope is concerned, as they would never think of arguing about anything else. On the one hand, we are beset with stories of visions and ecstacies eagerly swallowed and more eagerly promulgated by enthusiastic—and often neophyte—devotees. On the other (and in this country, of course, far more frequently,) we are called upon to mould all our views on some treatise about the "Great Tribulation," written, it may be, by a gentleman whose greatest tribulation would probably be an examination in the rudiments of Greek grammar. In either case, we are exhorted to omit the application of ordinary principles to the matter in hand. Now we maintain that this should be contemplated mainly in the same light as any other political question. We are willing to admit—if we can gratify any amiable persons by doing so—that the

\* *The Papal Sovereignty: Viewed in its Relations to the Catholic Religion, and to the Law of Europe.* Translated from the French of Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orléans, Member of the French Academy. (London: Catholic Bookselling and Publishing Company. 1860.)

Pope is the man of sin, and the number 666, and the three frogs in Revelation, and to apply to him any other of the many abusive epithets in which the Apocalyptic vocabulary is so prominently rich. We are painfully aware that full two hundred millions of our fellow-Christians hold lamentably erroneous views on the subject of grace of congruity. We are perfectly alive to the desirability of inducing them all to sign the Thirty-nine Articles on the earliest convenient opportunity. Only in the interim we must take things as they are, and we must protest against a different measure being meted to the Pope from that wherewith we mete to any other European prince.

We have said this must be contemplated mainly as a political question. Of course we cannot entirely shut our eyes to its religious aspect. All the two hundred millions of whom we have spoken look to the Pope as the *as ecclesie*. Most of them would be filled with confusion and distress were the Pope deprived of all temporal power and independence, to become a mere puppet in the hands of France or Austria. Some of them are our own fellow-subjects, and every State—as the Marquis of Lansdowne has said with great truth—which has Roman Catholic subjects, has an interest in the independence of the Pope. Mgr. Dupanloup, indeed, pushes the argument still further, and asks whether Protestantism, amid all its shifting contrarieties, does not owe to the unfailing witness of the Papacy the preservation of the essential features of Christian truth.

But, without speculating on the influence which the fall of the Papacy would cast over so wide a field, let us ask how it would affect Rome itself? Now, here again English notions are apt to constitute a very deceptive standard. We, of course, like our own system of Parliamentary government, but we must not jump to the conclusion that every country devoid of it is a prey to maladministration and misery. No European sovereign, let us fairly admit, has ever shown a greater desire for reform than did Pius IX. at the outset of his career, though whether his zeal were according to knowledge is a matter more open to question. Those who are fanatical on neither side will probably see in him a monarch like our William IV., sincerely and amiably liberal, but wanting in vigour, talent, and discretion. Still such a ruler, whatever be his blunders, is entitled to consideration at the hands of his subjects. Now, the fitness of the Roman people for freedom, and the justice of their cause, must be judged in great measure by the events of 1848. The murder of Rossi is a stain which attaches to them collectively. It was not one of those events which can be glazed over as the isolated crime of a few conspirators. The National Assembly—nay, the whole city—became, at least, assassins after the fact. An ovation was accorded to the assassins, and the blood-stained dagger was borne in procession around Rome. It would be difficult to show that a people identified with such a deed had not, *ipso facto*, forfeited any right to institutions which it certainly was not competent to wield aright. But it must also be recollect, that while the Pope's restoration resulted in the suppression of the representative legislature, the municipal reforms conceded by Pius IX. have been preserved to this day. Of course, it may be contended that it is unfair, under any circumstances, to sacrifice the freedom of the Romans to preserving the independence of the Pope. In reply to this, Mgr. Dupanloup cites several cases, the most pertinent of which is that of the district of Columbia, which, in order to prevent any

disturbances calculated to interfere with the independence of the Congress, is actually deprived of all electoral and municipal rights whatever.

Is it, however, after all, such a sacrifice of the interests of the Roman people? Would their prosperity be increased by the departure of the Pope? Such are the questions which the Bishop of Orleans discusses at considerable length in his chapter on "Rome without the Pope." He appeals—as Montalembert appealed in the debates of 1849—to the degradation of the city during the Avignon secession, and to the fact, patent to every traveller, that one period has left in Rome no trace of mediæval art—the period during which she was without a Pope. Such a precedent may appear drawn from too remote a period, but we have another nearer to our own times. When Rome, after the exile of Pius VII., became only the chief town of the department of the Tiber, its population fell as low as 117,000. That it could long be used as a civil metropolis by any prince who might substitute for it Florence or Naples, seems highly improbable. In fact, it may be doubted whether—to compare a European with a British question—Rome without the Pope would not be as desolate as Dublin without the Lord-Lieutenant. The magnificent passage of arms which took place in the French Assembly in 1849, when the cause of the Papacy was gallantly defended by Thiers, Falloux and Montalembert, against Victor Hugo and Jules Favre, is described very fully by the Bishop of Orleans. We prefer, however, passing on to his criticism on the conduct of two States—England and Sardinia.

Mgr. Dupanloup looks, it is needless to say, at the history and the policy of this country through a somewhat prejudiced medium. We should suspect that some information has been furnished to him by some of our most intensely Irish M.P.'s. The O'Donoghue of the Glens is his type of enlightened statesmanship. The wrongs of Ireland are a very favourite *point d'appui* with him. Now, it does not belong to us to defend what no man of reason or humanity would now defend—the savage policy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We fear that the treaty of Limerick was a dirty transaction, and that the Irish state trials of sixty years ago were as bad as those of England a century earlier. But we do not, in all fairness, think that the famine of 1846 ought to be so continually flung in our teeth as it is, not merely in Roman Catholic pamphlets and speeches, but even in Roman Catholic hymns. We introduced free trade to meet the emergency, and the lavish benevolence with which men of all classes and creeds in England strove to mitigate the frightful distress, was acknowledged in the House of Commons by a witness whose testimony Mgr. Dupanloup world scarcely impeach—the late John O'Connell.

With greater justice the Bishop comments on the wantonly aggressive and insulting tone of many of our statesmen, especially on that memorable declaration of Lord Palmerston—that "Rome was never better governed than in the absence of the Pope." It has often been the fortune of our present Premier to compromise his country by braggart declamations, but he never did so more gratuitously than when he became the eulogist of a revolution which, as Montalembert said, began and ended in murder.

After all, however, Mgr. Dupanloup has taken the strongest ground when he dwells, as Lord Normanby has also dwelt, on our conduct to the Ionian Isles. We made their desire for annexation to Greece secondary to considera-

tions of imperial convenience. Surely, after this, our frantic sympathy with Italian revolution is rather like throwing stones in obliviousness of our own glass house. It is no answer to say that our rule, unlike that of the Italian princes, has been liberal and beneficent; that is merely to give the evidence and decision in our own case.

Sardinia has, with great reason, commanded our sympathies in no slight degree; but it may be questioned whether her advocacy of constitutional government has not inclined us to view every part of her policy in too favourable a light. At any rate, the arbitrary imprisonments to which she resorted in order to carry out the legislation of Cavour, Siccardi, and Buoncompagni, against the opposition of the ecclesiastical body, seem a step which no expediency could extenuate. A great many facts are also adduced by Mgr. Dupanloup as to the recent annexation votes, which really go to prove that organised intimidation, and even tampering with the ballot-boxes, are expedients not unknown to the Piedmontese Government. Finally, her conduct towards the Duchess of Parma, which Lord Malmesbury denounced in a despatch as a cruel and unwarrantable exercise of force against "a small and weak state," ought to teach us to regard with the utmost jealousy her assertions and her proceedings against the Roman territory.

There is an argument which Mgr. Dupanloup could not bring forward. The character of Victor Emmanuel has shown no feature more estimable than a vulgar courage. His policy has evidenced no principle more elevated than that of a grasping and hypocritical ambition. But the marriage of the Princess Clothilde and the cession of Savoy should teach us that there is little which he would not give up to his august ally. Are we quite sure that all our Garibaldian sympathies may not end in enthroning, as monarch of Italy, the satrap of France and the enemy of Europe?

#### THE CORSAIR AND HIS CONQUEROR.\*

SUCH of our readers as are familiar with Parisian society, can scarcely fail to have remarked the tone of half-paternal affection with which the Frenchman speaks of the African colony and dependency. Algiers is to him far more than Hindustan is to the Englishman. He regards it as the scene of a future French evangelisation, and he loves to remember that he has conquered a race whose ancestors were amongst the most ferocious and invincible of the enemies of ancient Rome. The Parisian bourgeoisie look with mingled wonder and admiration on the swarthy Zouave, with his fierce eye and his picturesque turban, as he strides along the Boulevards, or keeps guard before the Tuilleries, or sips absinthe at the Café du Helder. An eager crowd besiege the windows of the well-known shop in the Rue de Rivoli, where are sold "Les Produits Algériens," and they eye curiously the rare plants and luscious-looking fruits from the warm climes south of the Mediterranean. The ladies wear opera-cloaks of Algerine material, and children go to the fancy balls of the Carnival *à la Mauresque*. We know of no feeling in our own country which can be considered at all parallel, and we are inclined to doubt whether the popular mind of England is capable of any similar enthusiasm.

We are not quite ignorant of Algiers under its present masters, as Robert Houdin, the far-famed wizard, has already furnished us with a very readable, though probably very

\* *The Corsair and his Conqueror. A Winter in Algiers.* By Henry E. Pope. (London: Bentley, 1860.)

varnished account of his "embassy" to its barbarous tribes. However, the volume before us amply supplies any deficiency in Houdin's story. It is apparently from the pen of a gentleman who passed the winter in Algiers for his health. We can only say that if an invalid, he must have been an uncommonly observant one; and the style in which the book is written is so vigorous, and the spirit so vivacious, that we can scarcely doubt the author's most complete convalescence. On the whole, "The Corsair and his Conqueror" is as agreeable a book as one could desire for this wet, raw weather.

Another reason why we ought to be grateful for its publication, is the fact that Algiers is becoming a somewhat popular resort for consumptive patients, and chest invalids generally. Mr. Pope's remarks on this subject are naturally of more than ordinary value, as he speaks from practical experience of the climate, and its effects on pulmonary complaints. We may be therefore excused for dwelling briefly on this point. The author disagrees with those who maintain that Algiers is equally beneficial to consumptive patients with Madeira and Egypt. This position he looks upon as a too hasty deduction made by mere comparison of the respective mean temperatures of all three places. The average temperature of Algiers in the winter months, from October to the end of March, is between 59 and 60 deg. The rain ceases and fine weather commences about the end of January, earlier than which, says the author, no patient should think of commencing his sojourn. He recommends the invalid to pass the winter months in the south of France, and then, before the injurious winds come on, pass over to the Barbary coast, thus getting the fine weather of both countries. But even under these circumstances, Algiers is only to be resorted to with great caution. It is totally unfitted for "patients in very precarious health," whilst "to those who have already passed one or two winters in the south, and are progressing favourably, its influences may be highly advantageous." By way of confirmation of Mr. Pope's remarks, we venture to call attention to the Report of Dr. Pietrasanta, alluded to in the pages of our medical contemporary, *The Lancet*. Dr. Pietrasanta was sent to Algeria some time ago for the purpose of ascertaining the influence of the climate on chronic pulmonary complaints. He has just presented his report to the Académie des Sciences of Paris, summing up the result of his investigations in six propositions, of which the last three only are immediately relevant to the matter now before us—first, that the climate of Algiers is extremely favourable in cases of predisposition to be conquered, or symptoms to be removed, which constitute the first stage of phthisis; second, its beneficial influence may be questioned in the second stage of tuberculosis; and lastly, it is fatal in the third stage, as soon as disorganisation appears.

Algiers has a pleasanter and more picturesque aspect, however, than that of an open-air hospital merely. The town of Algiers, like all places subject to French influence, is forced into being *Paris in petto*. It has its arched colonnades, public gardens, and Sunday bands, its column to the first Napoleon, Parisian *modistes*, crinoline, nursemaids, opera, and above all, brilliant cafés after the Parisian model. Algiers has a modern and an ancient quarter. The modern is Parisian, and the ancient Moorish. The city is built on the slope of a hill, on the lower half of which is the imitation of Paris, whilst above it rise the old Moorish streets. The French keep very much to their own part of the town, and one may walk some time through

regions crowded with Moors, but unpolluted by the presence of a single unbeliever. It appears that in language, too, there is not that communion which is so generally found between the tongues of the conquered and conquerors. Each preserve their own language. The French are too proud to improve or adulterate the tongue of the mother-country, and the natives are for the most part ignorant of French, except so far as it is necessary for some of them, who are in official relations with the conquerors. The streets are mostly named after French heroes or French exploits, and we have Place Napoleon, Rue Kleber, Rue Rovigo, Rue Chartres, &c. Strange to say, one street takes its name from an Englishman, and a dirty alley rejoices in the designation of Rue Sydney Smith. The feelings of the French population find their most unrestrained vent, and their nationality its most unmistakable demonstration, on the occasions of the Carnival and the Mi-Carême, the latter being, as our readers are aware, the day in the middle of Lent on which the faithful are permitted to break the severity of the Lenten rule, and revert for four-and-twenty hours to the fooleries of the Carnival. Who that has ever been in Paris on the Mi-Carême can forget that day and its attendant *fête des Blanchisseuses*, when all the washerwomen and washermen within a radius of seven or eight miles flock up to Paris, and parade the Boulevards in fantastic garb worthy of Astley's clowns, and indulging in jokes and tricks reminding one of the old orgies of the Dionysian festivals. The meaningless dances of the Sandwich Islanders, and barbarous amusements of an Irish fair, are not half so silly nor so degrading as the spectacles annually visible on the boulevards of Paris on these two great occasions. Still, they are indispensable to the French mind; and, with all their detestable absurdity, have been transported to the streets of Algiers. With what profound contempt the grave Arab must regard such fantastic tomfooleries, may readily be imagined. On the present occasion, the author informs us, the Arabs were utterly disgusted, and expressed the liveliest wonder that beings calling themselves men could so disgrace their position as to imitate monkeys. One old Arab, smoking his pipe somewhat angrily, after a few preliminary puffs, took it out of his mouth, and pointing to the crowd, said, "Makash Inglez," which may be interpreted as, "You don't do that sort of thing in England?" We sincerely trust we never may do this sort of thing in England.

Amongst other French institutions transplanted to Algiers is the pawnshop; and the visitor may behold a large building, on which are inscribed the words "Mont de Piété." This strange nomenclature—a pawnshop being styled a "Mountain of Piety"—is to be explained by a fact of which the author is evidently ignorant, or he would scarcely express his astonishment so loudly at this grandiloquent French euphonism, as he calls it. It is plain that he has never been obliged, whilst staying in Paris, to mortgage any portion of his jewellery or personal attire, for purposes of temporary convenience, or he would have known that the great establishment (of course under Government control) where these little mortgages are effected is situated in a certain hilly street, on which stands or stood a chapel, whence its name.

We may easily imagine the position of the military inhabitants of Algiers. If Paris itself is daily annoyed and insulted by the low-minded and low-bred officers of the present régime, and if their rude insolence dares to show

itself in the streets and cafés of the most polished capital in the world, we can readily understand the lengths to which they will proceed in the wild capital of a distant dependency. We are told that the officers (the majority of whom, by the way, are excluded from all but the imperial salons in Paris, and from these to exclude them would not be very safe) consider themselves as the aristocracy of Algeria, and look down with edifying contempt upon all civilians. Even here, the story of M. Pène is re-enacted with some few modifications. For instance, an intimation was given to the proprietor of a café that the military intended to patronise it, and therefore he was requested to banish all civilians from its precincts. A certain newspaper editor, with the feelings so universally characteristic of this *genus irritable*, determined that he would resist the arrogant usurpation, and accordingly took his place in the café the very next evening. The next morning he fought and received a sword-wound which laid him up for six weeks. It proved, however, a lesson to the military, and the café once more became open to the public. Surely the Emperor was perfectly right when he assured the Savoyard députation that the presence of troops always imparted animation to a country.

As a colony, no doubt Algiers is a great failure. As the author remarks, it is not a colony in our sense of the word, but rather the scene of a military occupation merely. At the present time, the sum total of expenditure is more than double the amount of the revenue. According to the returns of the budget for the year 1858, the expenditure reached the comparatively enormous sum of 74,119,319 francs, that is, nearly £2,884,713 sterling. The amount of revenues and receipts for the same period was only, in round numbers, 30,000,000 francs, or £1,200,000. The disproportion, therefore, between the money invested and the returns, is something enormous. The question for the French Government to decide is, whether, after a certain number of years, there is any probability that this vast speculation will begin to produce such a profit as may reimburse the nation for the present lavish outlay? The author is apparently of opinion that such will never be the case. Besides the tremendous cost of works, it will always be necessary to maintain a very large standing army, as the native population are only repressed, not conquered. A not uninteresting parallel might be drawn between French rule in Algeria and British rule in India. But we have not space to dwell further on the question, and we shall conclude our notice of this spirited and agreeable volume by two extracts from it:—

#### ORGIES OF THE AISSOUA.

"One of the Arabs took a sword, and having stripped to his loins ran it for nearly a quarter of an inch into his stomach, twirling it round at the same time like a gimlet. To a certain degree there was no deception in this, but the absence of blood roused my suspicions that the sword fitted into an old scar long used for the purpose, especially as it was introduced sideways. But that the steel did really enter his skin was beyond doubt, for he passed close to me and pulled it slowly out. Then he ran it into the nape of his neck in the same manner, twirling it round as before, but still no blood followed. The invisible women seemed pleased at this feast, for another 'Lu, lu, lu!' swelled around us, and then the frantic dancing went on as before. Presently four or five instruments resembling thick kitchen shovels were brought in red hot, and I felt the sudden glow on my face as they were taken past me. When the Arabs beheld these, their cries changed into another key, and by their gestures they seemed like wild animals eager for food. Each man took the glowing iron, placed it on the shorn part of his head and then stroked it caressingly with his naked hand

During this feast there was a sickening smell of burnt flesh, and a light smoke arose from the skin of the performers whenever the ruddy metal touched it. Then having licked them all over with their tongues, they placed them between their lips, holding them firm with their teeth, and leaping for a few moments still higher in tune to the untiring thunder of the tympana. A large scorpion was now brought in on one of the tambourines, and as I touched it with a stick *en passant* it darted up its poisonous tail, leaving no doubt as to its vitality. One of the Arabs took up the reptile by its head, placed it in his mouth and swallowed it, making a horrible crunching noise in the process of mastication. How he escaped the effects of its sting is more than I can imagine, but at all events the unnatural meal seemed to give him new life for the maddening orgies. One of the dancers now stepped forward with a dagger about a foot in length, and lifting up his eyelid thrust it some way in just over the eyeball, and walked about with the weapon thus apparently sticking out of his eye. Then he drew it slowly out, and the host at my request having handed it to me for examination, I found that it was sharp as a needle and perfectly solid. The voices of the women at this period were louder than I had heard them before, and so long did the shrill applause continue, that the Arabs looked up hastily and said 'hush' in the same sort of contemptuous tone with which a charity-school master endeavours to stop the clatter of his refractory pupils, and the obedient chorus instantly subsided. Half a dozen cactus-leaves were now brought in, and the moment the dancers perceived them, they left off their frantic gestures and grovelled like dogs on their hands and knees. The African cactus, or Barbary fig, grows round Algiers into a regular tree of twelve feet or so in height, and the leaves are of course large in proportion, being generally about a foot long and half an inch thick, and are very thickly covered with strong prickles of an inch in length. These prickles are as thick as a dragnet-pin at the base, and very firm, so that the handling of the leaf is a matter of difficulty and pain, and should the point of the prickle break in so doing, it forces itself beneath the skin and causes excruciating agony. The Arabs crawled adroitly towards the man who held the leaves, baying like the dogs they imitated, and as he held one forth they thrust their heads forward and took rapid bites, devouring it seemingly without the slightest inconvenience. The green fluid expressed from the herb flowed in streams over their long beards, and I noticed that when they accidentally touched each other they gave a low growl like curs who are gorging.

## MOORISH LADIES.

"It is rarely that Moorish ladies of rank ever leave the precincts of their own habitations. Whenever they do so, it is generally for the purpose of attending the bath, and their transit thither from their abodes is effected in a closely-covered carriage, their faces at the same time being studiously concealed from the vulgar gaze. There was one respectable old lady who had been seventy years in Algiers, and being one day persuaded to pay a visit to a European lady, was utterly astounded at the size of the town and the appearance of the country around, of which she knew no more than if she had passed her life on an iceberg. The most they ever do is to walk on the housetops at dusk, and enjoy for a short time the serene beauty of the evening and the dazzling magnificence of the planetary orbs above. And how can minds, wild and untutored as theirs, enter into the magic poetry that breathes around in every wavelike of the scarce-concealed blue of the atmosphere? Dead alike to the external world, and knowing nought of the unexplored recesses of the internal, they live a life of unconquerable ennui and die like dogs,—no expectation, no hope for them, of aught save the dark eternity of nothingness."

"Yet the Moorish lady has one object in life—that of getting as fat as she possibly can. The more flesh she makes the better is she pleased, as the Algerians look upon beauty in a particularly solid point of view, judging it in a great measure by the comparative number of pounds, avordupois or troy, which it may contain. The larger her proportions, the more chance has the Mauresque of securing her

husband's affection—a by no means inferior consideration in a country where wives form a staple article of commerce. To attain this object, there are few things she will shrink from eating and drinking, and a legend (rather dubious, I am afraid) is afloat concerning an European lady, who actually succeeded in making a Moorish woman swallow a spoonful of cod liver oil, which she had with truth informed her would fatten most wonderfully. The poor barbarian made a terrible face after it, and appeared as if she were about to call for the 'steward,' and I need not say, preferred ever after her own dietary principles to the most skilful pharmacopean régime."

We cannot close without noticing the great number of vile typographical errors. Thus the poetical son of the old Athenian costermonger becomes Euripedes; a too familiar Latin quotation is scarcely recognisable as "lums a non lucendo." We have also *provocation* where it should be *provocative*; *jealousy* for *jealousy*, and a host of similar blunders.

## NEW NOVELS.

*The Skeleton in the Cupboard.* By Lady Scott. In three volumes. (Saunders and Otley.) We have sometimes thought that a very curious and instructive essay might be written on the villains of fiction. "The people are often wrong in their opinions, in their sentiments never,"—said a philosopher; and accepting the dictum, we might learn a lesson from so good a reflex of popular sentiments as the ordinary novel. Every man is the creature of his age. One man may get a little in advance of it, while another lags behind; but both are kept within a certain proximity by a law irresistible as gravitation. No one is brought so directly under the influence of this law as the novelist. His most laudable ambition is to present us with a picture, neatly framed and glazed, of such events as might have fallen to his own lot. His success depends on the fidelity of the representation. It is, therefore, not a very rash assumption that his narrative is strongly tinged by his own experience, and that his villain is only the ideal development of what Mr. Darwin would call "the rudimentary villain of real life." If this reasoning be correct, how easy in this age of novel-writers to discover where the tide of its villainy sets! How has a secret so useful eluded the vigilance and versatility of social science? We trust that this hint will not be lost, and that at the next congress we shall have a comprehensive classification of the varieties of fictitious crime. We venture to prophesy that the "Skeleton in the Cupboard" will furnish a striking specimen. Most readers must have noticed how there has crept into recent novels a sort of secularised version of the "Female Jesuit." The lords of the creation become mere puppets in the hands of some unscrupulous adventuress, of impeturbable coolness and unfathomable craft. Beckie Sharp may have something to do with it, but even Mr. Thackeray obeys the influence of the age on which he re-acts. In the novel before us this diabolical agency is embodied in a lady's maid. "A tall, slight woman; very fair, very calm and concentrated in her manners; with wonderful eyes, so steady, deep, and searching; with a low, clear voice just like a stage whisper; and, without being the least handsome, a face that clings to your memory," is always "gliding noiselessly" about passages and applying her "cold glassy face" to key-holes, in a way that makes our flesh creep. We feel very much as aunt Betsy in "David Copperfield" feels at the snake-like motions of Uriah Heep; or rather, as that worthy lady might have felt with Uriah Heep on one side and Lady Macbeth on the other; for our authoress knows how to excite dread as well as disgust. Let young ladies who, in confidential intercourse with their abigails, taste the mingled delights of flattery, gossip, and condescension, read and tremble. Let underpaid curates and child-ridden rectors console themselves, as they prick their fingers and wax unclerical over conjugal millinery, with the reflection that no domestic "vampire" is draining their wedded bliss—no arch cold-blooded schemer planting thorns as well as pins in the bosoms of their loyal wives. In a few months Mira Ponsford (the skeleton) obtains complete ascendancy over a very imperious mistress—uproots a bachelor of tenacious territorial ideas from the soil in which he has been flourishing some forty years—kills his favourite bloodhound—excommunicates his cigar, and rapidly reduces into premature dotage and imbecility his brother, a man of average capacities, who has had the courage to make the imperious mistress his third wife. Minor conquests over superannuated housekeepers and the inferior clergy we omit, as too trivial to be mentioned in the career of a woman who can put out a bachelor's pipe and will away an old family estate. Of course, all this is done through the medium of the mistress, who is the puppet thus cleverly worked; and so mysterious is the machinery employed, that even the reader is denied a satisfactory peep. In the name of social science, we claim to know by what arts a man, sane and sound, can in two months be converted by a crafty abigail and her compliant mistress into a driveller and a dotard—debarred from intercourse with his only brother, and finally "intimidated" into a complete alteration of his will. Beckie Sharp, as Clytemnestra to poor Joe Sedley's Agamemnon, was rather startling; but then Beckie had something to begin upon, and her victim's range of female experience was decidedly limited—at any rate, he had not survived two wives. If such a secret reign of female terrorism has commenced that even widowers are not safe, what are bachelors to do? Who knows but that Cavour himself is only the mouthpiece of some female Machiavelli, late in the confidence of the Empress Eugénie? Will social science be able to pronounce the cause, and, in consequence, the remedy? Are we over-educating our women, supplying them with intellectual weapons, that, like the Sepoys, they may turn their skill against ourselves? Mr. Mill, the boldest advocate, since Plato, of female rights, assures us that the superiority of our sex has been, from the beginning of the world, only the superiority of brute force, and that it diminishes with the advance of civilisation. If so, the sooner we return to the primitive solution of the Bloomer question the better. Herodotus tells us that the Scythians, a powerful and sensible people, when their captives presented a somewhat similar difficulty, got rid of it by putting out their eyes. Of course, some of our readers will laugh at the danger, and declare it the creation of a distempered brain, or the shift of a poverty-stricken imagination. Some minds, it is true, can get melodrama out of a muffin. The muffin may be poisoned, or it may have been made by a consumptive baker, or the housemaid, in pursuit of the muffin bell, may have rushed for the first time into the arms of a faithless policeman. Mrs. Siddons used to stab potatoes, and take coffee with the air of a Rosamond. So some people are always stabbing potatoes. A highly-imaginative mind can look at a cloud or a counterpane till it assumes shapes the most ghastly or grotesque. Given, therefore, a

clever lady's maid, of quiet demeanour and decided manner—resolute in the ministration of potions and lotions, and deaf to the voice of the complaining sluggard, who petitions for a little more folding of the hands in sleep—and such a mind at once seen in this harmless and invaluable woman a Mira Ponsford. We are sorry to say that, so far as the book before us is concerned, we cannot leave to nervous bachelorhood this comforting conviction; in all other respects its tone is eminently natural. It will be scarcely fair to measure it by a very high standard, but few novels sin so little against the minor canons of criticism. The style is easy and simple, and is nowhere defaced by the ambitious efforts at fine writing and forced facetiousness which make the stoutest reviewer turn pale. The characters (with the one exception) are natural enough, and are wisely allowed to exhibit themselves, without the aid of a showman; the authoress is not constantly coming forward, like a fresh chorus, to volunteer analysis or explanation; they eat and drink like ordinary people, and, marvellous to relate, talk in the dialect of their country and century—not in the *patois* of Mrs. Gore, or the Johnsonese of the circulating library. In fact, the more we reflect on the general merits of the book, the more we are puzzled to account for the Mira Ponsford mystery. Can there really exist such lady's maids? Or has the authoress observed with regret that young ladies tattle too much with their maids, and resolved to scare them into propriety by an awful warning? just as, with pious exaggeration, we tell children that "Don't Care" was devoured by lions, because he put out his tongue at his little sister. Or, lastly, has the novel-reader grown so *blase* that no stimulant within the domain of the natural is strong enough to excite his languid interest? If excitement be the end proposed, we fear the writer's success will create a clumsy crowd of miracle-mongers, whose sin there will not be the same merit to redeem. Probable or improbable, the "Skeleton in the Cupboard" keeps our attention riveted from first to last—sometimes to a degree almost painful; and in spite of sober reason and criticism, while we do not believe, we tremble.

*The Senior Fellow.* By the Author of "Squires and Parsons." (London: Saunders, Otley and Co.) "Do what you like," says Mr. Collins in his preface to the "Woman in White," "only do not tell my plot." He feels that the great strength of his book is—as it ought to be—in the plot, and he cannot afford that his readers should take it up with their curiosity already gratified. In a novel, a plot well worked up—and therefore a good one—is half the battle. But this working-up is no easy matter; so too many authors save themselves the trouble, and quote the example of Thackeray, forgetting his extraordinary insight into the human nature which he describes, and the truth of his pictures of society. These have an interest of their own, quite independent of the story. The mind is so much absorbed in the accuracy of the details that it cannot consider them in relation to the whole. Nor does it require the additional excitement of curiosity about the result. We will divulge no more than we can help of the plot of the novel before us. Not that we fear doing it any harm with its readers. We should prematurely satisfy no curiosity, for the simple reason that we cannot conceive the possibility of curiosity being excited by anything in it. A good plot may be of two kinds: it may lead either to an unexpected result or to an obvious result in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties,

in both cases by means of a skilful combination of circumstances. In the present tale the results are sufficiently obvious. All the good and middling personages (there are some very middling, e.g., a poacher who does not stick at firing at people, and a person who is a party to the concealment of a will,) are married or otherwise settled; all the bad and indifferent die or take to drinking. We cannot, however, reasonably class its plot with those of the second kind, because, for a skilful combination of occurrences are substituted coincidences which are at all events remarkable. We may mention these:—Our Senior Fellow, disgusted with the junior members of his college society, accepts a living, and is about to contract a hurried and disreputable marriage. This will not do. The *Dea ex machinā* is discovered in the person of an orphan niece, who happens to be living as governess eight miles off, backed up by an orphan nephew, who happens to be with her, on leave from his ship, which is at Sierra Leone. This is coincidence No. 1. It is necessary that this nephew should have a sweetheart. He is at once provided with one while staying as aforesaid. He happens to meet in church a young lady, who had made some impression upon him previously, and whom he had last seen at Sierra Leone: coincidence No. 2. We have said that the Senior Fellow was to be prevented marrying, and that the nephew and niece were dropped from the clouds to that end. But the nephew has to join his ship, and the author thinks the undertaking too much for a young lady alone; so before his departure the nephew happens to lose his way at night, happens to find three men belabouring one, comes to the rescue of the latter, and thus secures the one's gratitude, which is proved by affording the necessary assistance to the niece. This nocturnal rencontre may be fairly set down as coincidence No. 3. The sailor nephew and his African sweetheart have no facilities for meeting, the former being in the Arctic Seas, the latter in England. Circumstances over which the author has control throw them against each other on the pier at Bergen in Norway: coincidence No. 4. The grandfather of this young lady has made a will in her favour, which has been suppressed by his lawyer and the heir-at-law. Justice must be satisfied, the heiress must get her money. The requisite person at once happens to answer the Senior Fellow's advertisement for a curate. He has thus an opportunity of being on the spot and of doing, after a little hesitation, all that can be wished: coincidence No. 5. He does more; the niece must not die an old maid. The curate will be the very thing. To be sure, he is nearly forty; but then he is tall, dark, and mysterious. Coincidence No. 6 in the shape of a meeting between him and the African heiress, whence extreme confusion on his part and subsequent explanation, which begets a sympathy between the young people quickly ripening into love. Q. E. F.—If the plot is not good, the characters are no better. The Senior Fellow, the only person to whom the author has attempted to give any individuality, is an exaggeration of the grossest sort. There are few middle-aged clergymen who would refuse to see an orphan nephew and niece because it was a bore, or when well off confine the practical expression of their sympathy to the offer of a five-pound note. College life affords, perhaps, small opportunities for the study of the female character; still, most dons would smell a rat were a young lady to designate their conduct by so long a word as magnanimity, and follow it up with the memorable statement that "it is ever the

accompaniment of true greatness." Between the heroines there is but little difference. One has fine eyes, reads Butler's "Analogy," and is enthusiastic. So the author says; but there is no evidence in their conduct to prove that Ellen likes hard-reading less than Alice, or that Alice is more enthusiastic than Ellen, or vice versa. We, ourselves, do not see much in the sailor; the author, however, evidently likes him. He as it were puts him on the back, addresses him as George, George Frampton, Lieutenant, Lieutenant Frampton, &c., telling him at the same time that he is no humbug, and will do his duty. From this we may assume that there was something in him which the author has kept to himself. Of the rest, the Baronet is an aristocrat of the Minerva Press type, on the face of whom "are written deep traces of consuming care, and of an unquiet conscience. Untamed selfishness has lent its baneful touch to the picture, and helped to form the hell upon earth which exists within that breast." Descending a step in the social scale, we come to a squire and his daughters. We can only say, we never met, or even heard of, any one so disreputable in the class to which they belong. Too many girls may be fast; possibly some are not averse to a good match: it does not follow that the coarseness of the Misses Carvell is either true to nature or agreeable. There are two other principal characters—a poacher and the curate who marries the orphan niece. They both in their several ways do curious things. The former fires at a gamekeeper's head at close quarters, is recognised by him, and yet the very next day smokes his pipe promiscuously about his native village close to the scene of action. The latter having abjured dissolute courses, and taken orders late in life for conscience' sake, is nevertheless, as we have said, accessory to the suppression of a will. He does this "for the sake of his poor sister's husband," and with a view to "conferring substantial good on the neighbourhood."

The author appears to have some knowledge of Norway and of the west coast of France. He describes the scenery of the former country sufficiently well; and almost the only amusing part of the book is the picture of Anglo-Gallic society in the latter.

#### POETRY.

*Destiny.* (Saunders, Otley and Co.) The author of "Destiny" has prefixed to the poem a curious statement of his poetic creed. He considers that up to the time of Cowper our poetry had been "unmistakably English, national and characteristic;" that the poet of "The Task" was the first to make a considerable deviation from the beaten path; that with Byron and Scott "the good old Saxon went out," and that their works should never be adopted as the basis of a national literature. They are to be regarded as "transcendent but irregular spirits, who cannot be countenanced with impunity;" but if we would see again among us "that respectable, healthy, creditable, average, second-class poetry, which should furnish the staple of homely and every-day consumption," we must return to the good old paths in which Pope and Dryden were wont to walk. Such is the substance of the preface. It contains an assertion, but no argument, and may be at once met by the counter-assertion that Cowper is as "unmistakably English" as Dryden, and that Byron and Scott are every whit as "national and characteristic" as Spenser or Milton. The statement of the author of "Destiny," that a man might give his days and nights for twenty years together to the study of a Byron or a Scott without being able to write a line of creditable romantic verse, when, "had but one-tenth part the application been dedicated to the good old standard, hum-drug literature, that same man had

written himself from insignificance into respectability, from penury to plenty," is, if true, greatly in favour of the modern poets. However, the author of the poem before us thinks differently, and has presented us with what he considers a fair specimen of that "respectable, healthy, second-class stuff" which can only be produced by returning to the old ways of our poetic fathers. The readers of "Destiny" will judge how far the aim of the author has been accomplished. In one respect, at least, he is no legitimate son of Pope, for many of the lines in this poem are harsh and halting, while some almost merit the appellation of doggrel; as, for instance, the following:

"In England we have the education  
Of association, incident, suggestion."

"With solid worm, oft hours may wibble,  
Nor once attain the comfort of a nibble."

Moreover, our poet is frequently unhappy in the language and metaphors he employs, and we are surprised to learn that he "trailed his weary limbs in fiendish chase" over the cities and forests of America, and that that country has been foolish enough in courting her doom—

"The rooted oaks in anger dire to tear,  
And brandish, naked, in th' astounded air."

"Oh, oh, oh!" exclaims the bard, shocked at the picture he has created of American democracy; and, with a similar ejaculation, we command the poem of "Destiny" to all whom it may concern.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Our Rifle Volunteers and Mr. Alfred B. Richards.*  
By George B. C. Leverton, Esq. (Effingham Wilson.)  
Mr. Leverton has done good service in this pamphlet to his friend Mr. Richards. He has, at least, proved that this gentleman's claim to having originated the volunteer movement is far superior to that advanced by Captain Hans Busk, who is daily taking the credit to himself in a newspaper advertisement. Such a pretension is ridiculous, but the pertinacious way in which it is advanced is likely to deceive a number of people who are not well-informed on the subject. It is quite true that Captain Hans Busk deserves honourable mention for having encouraged the volunteer movement by his words and by his writings, and he may be regarded as a practical authority on the use of the rifle; but it is folly to assert that his efforts have sufficed to turn the current of the nation's thought and to awaken the spontaneous action of an entire people. The praise which may be justly due to Captain Busk, is equally due to several other gentlemen whose names are more familiar to the public, and whose exertions, though not paraded in an advertisement, have been as prolonged and as effective. Lord Ranelagh, for instance, has for several years past pleaded for the establishment of rifle corps, while the present Duke of Wellington, as the colonel of the Victoria Rifles, proved his interest in such a movement long before its necessity had become apparent to the nation. Mr. Richards, too, according to Mr. Leverton's statement and his own writings, has been urging the importance of such a force for upwards of ten years. In prose and in verse he has endeavoured to rekindle the flame of English patriotism; and now that his dearest wishes are realised, it is but fitting that such a man should receive a warm meed of praise for the performance of a great public duty. To more than this, however, we do not consider that even Mr. Richards is entitled. The pamphlet before us shows very clearly how strongly and ably he has urged the importance of volunteer corps; it shows that he saw the necessity of the movement before it was perceived by the nation, but it does not prove that he was the first to call this marvellous power into existence. The truth is, that the seed which has recently sprung up and ripened was sown long since by men of thought and of action, and though it might not have yielded fruit unless there had been some exciting causes from without, the honour of having planted it in a sluggish soil is none the less merited. Without going back to 1798, when Mr. Dundas, the then secretary at war, brought in a bill to provide for the raising of volunteer corps in every part of the kingdom, which passed the House without opposition, and created in a few weeks a hundred and fifty thousand

volunteers, and without dwelling on the still more memorable occasion in 1803 when three hundred thousand men were enrolled and armed within a very brief period, we shall find among the authors and statesmen of the last twenty years abundant evidence that the importance of such an institution as we now possess was then as deeply felt as it was vigorously urged. With the inglorious exception of the Manchester party, which has ever been consistently unpatriotic, and the leaders of which declared before the repeal of the corn laws, that protection was a greater evil than a French invasion, we find writers of varied opinions, and statesmen of different political creeds, alike urging, under the most unfavourable auspices, the necessity of home defences and of a permanent militia or volunteer force. Such a force was even advocated, on the score of economy, by Mr. Hume, who affirmed that if the Government wanted to provide for the security of the country, one volunteer was worth five men obtained for hire; and when, in 1852, the defeat of Lord John Russell brought Lord Derby into office, the new premier expressed, in his ministerial statement, the necessity of the kingdom being fully prepared for defence, and declared his opinion that the safety of England might be fully entrusted to the people themselves. Before that time the Duke of Wellington had written his celebrated letter to Sir John Burgoyne, in which he stated, in the most explicit terms, the perilous condition of the country, and Sir Archibald Alison, Sir Francis Head, and many of the writers for "Blackwood," had also forcibly exposed the perils of the nation, and urged the necessity for home defences and the value of volunteer corps. It is scarcely worth while to pursue this subject further in our columns, but the question as to the origin of the movement is one of literary as well as national interest, and it concerns us to see that the claims of earlier writers are acknowledged, while awarding the praise which they deserve to such men as Mr. Richards and Captain Busk. "Palmam qui meruit ferat," is the motto affixed to the title-page of Mr. Leverton's pamphlet. Mr. Richards's labours in the promotion of volunteer corps have been unremitting and most praiseworthy, but we do not believe that to any one man belongs the honour of having created this noble institution, and we think Mr. Richards has done wisely in restraining the zeal of his friends when they solicited his permission "to authorise them to open a grand national subscription in recognition of his merits as the originator of the volunteer movement."

*An Address Delivered before the American Peace Society, in Park Street Church, Boston.* By Samuel J. May. (Boston: American Peace Society.) We should not think of noticing the high-flown nonsense talked on the 28th of May last, by Mr. Samuel May, were it not that it has been considered sufficiently important by the American Peace Society to act as an exponent of their particular views, and to bear their sentiments to Europe in a printed form. That a peace society should exist at all in a land where the *lex talionis* is so popular as America—except, indeed, amongst Quakers—is remarkable enough. That Quakers should be found in any part of the world, who consider the non-resistance of evil as a part of their duty, is a matter which can afford no surprise. They do not meddle with the laws of nations, and generally reside in localities where the seizure of a man's coat is not very common, and where the robber, when there is one, has seldom time to wait for the proffered cloak. But the American Peace Society has nothing whatever passive about it, if we may judge from Mr. Samuel May, who calls up Europe in judgment, arraigns emperors and denounces kings in language such as, if addressed to brother Stiggins, would probably end in his being bound over to keep the peace himself. Now, whatever the rulers of the earth—who have the eyes of all the world upon them as well as those of the Peace Society—may do, we recommend Mr. May to keep himself in a peaceful and Christian frame of mind; and when the raging foe draws up in the very neighbourhood of his *Penates*, let him try the effect, ere he retires to the cellar, of a certain anecdote, which we take, for his edification, from the forty-first chapter of a popular novel, especially admired in America. A certain locksmith, possessed of a wife who was a theoretical, but by

no means a practical, disciple of the Peace Society, armed himself to go forth, like a stout yeoman as he was, to break the peace, as far as certain rioters were concerned—to wit, the "Gordon rioters" as they were called. Mrs. Varden, who belonged to an imaginary peace society of her own, thus enters her protest:—"It's unchristian!" cried Mrs. Varden, shaking her head. "Unchristian!" cried the locksmith; "why, what the devil?" At this expression, we are informed, Mrs. Varden appeared prepared for some catastrophe. Nature, however, remaining quiet, she "begged her husband, in a tone of resignation, to go on, and by all means to blaspheme as much as possible, because she knew he liked it." Our locksmith, however, mildly rejoined, "I was going to say, what on earth do you call it unchristian for? Which would be most unchristian, Martha—to sit quietly down and let our houses be sacked, or turn out like men, and drive 'em off? Shouldn't I be a nice sort of Christian if I crept into the corner of my own chimney, and looked on while a parcel of whiskered savages bore off Dolly, or you?" Bravo! locksmith. Adieu, Mr. May.

*The Faith of the Liturgy and the Doctrine of the Thirty-Nine Articles. Two Sermons.* By the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A. (Cambridge: Macmillan.) We were among the number of those who were very glad to hear of Mr. Maurice's preferment, and considered it as slender in comparison with his deserts. We have never hesitated to express our distrust of Mr. Maurice's teaching, and the objections, both logical and literary, which we entertain to his writings. But we have always recognised the greatness, as well as the littleness, of his mind, and respected his earnest, laborious, and unselfish character. In an Establishment where men may wander from Dan to Beersheba in theological speculation, variations like those of Mr. Maurice, ought not to be visited by exclusion from ecclesiastical preferment. Neither is the Church of England so rich in intellectual wealth, that it can afford to pass by a man of such pre-eminent ability. We have before us the sermons preached by Mr. Maurice on the occasion of his "reading himself in" on his assuming the incumbency of Vere Street Chapel. On such occasions it is provided that the clergyman should read the Morning and Evening Prayers, and the Articles, and testify his assent thereto. It is related of a certain divine of the last century, who afterwards rose to be a bishop, that after reading the articles and making the usual subscription, he turned round, and said, "And now that I have read all this rubbish, I ask God's pardon and this congregation's." In the pages before us, Mr. Maurice has amplified his subscription in a couple of explanatory sermons, thus differing, *toto caelo*, from the precedent we have cited. These sermons are distinguished by an unambiguity of language, and precision of doctrinal statement, such as we often desiderate in others of Mr. Maurice's multitudinous works. They present one or two peculiarities highly characteristic of their author. In the second sermon, Mr. Maurice discovered that he had only inadequately executed his design, and he has so expanded it that it is not so much his original discourse as an independent essay. Mr. Maurice connects his sermon on the Prayer-book with the bishop's injunction respecting prayers for fair weather, in a manner which, however ingenious, is unnatural. Of course the personal pronoun occurs probably in a hundred instances. One obvious criticism arises—that the subject of the Prayer-book and Articles is too vast to be anything like satisfactorily dealt with in these narrow limits. It is thus that we explain the fact that Mr. Maurice has slurred over several objections to the Articles, which have so much currency and a certain measure of cogency, that it would have been as well to have given them which have full discussion and explanation; such, for instance, as Hume's sneers against the Articles in that part of his history which relates to Edward VI. Mr. Maurice places in the minds of our early reformers a set of considerations which we are by no means sure prevailed there, when, for the first part of our Articles, they simply adopted "Melanchthon's Confession of Augsburg." Mr. Maurice has a remark which reads very much like a condemnation of a famous decision by the Council of King's College. If this is the case, such a reference is scarcely per-

missible in a sermon where the possibility of a rejoinder is necessarily precluded.

*A Lecture on the Action and Uses of the Turkish Bath.* By John Le Gay Brereton, M.D., M.R.C.S.E. This lecture was delivered at Bradford, in 1858, and has since then been employed, we presume, as an advertisement by all proprietors of Turkish baths in town and country. Dr. Brereton is an enthusiastic admirer of this species of bath, which, indeed, he asserts to be the only bath at all worthy of the name. Ordinary bathing, or washing with cold or hot water, is comparatively of no use as a cleansing process, generally carrying more dirt into the pores of the skin than it removes from the surface. Copious perspiration is the only method of thoroughly cleansing the skin, and this can only be attained in perfection by the use of the Turkish bath. It is only when thoroughly clean that the skin is able to discharge its function as a breathing organ—a function of vital importance, the non-performance of which is, says Dr. Brereton, the cause of the majority of the ills which flesh is heir to. One most satisfactory result of the bath is insensibility to cold, owing to the increased consumption of oxygen which is rendered possible by the restoration of the skin to a healthy state. As a proof of the reality of this advantage, Dr. Brereton mentions that on one occasion he spent the whole night after a bath in the woods at Blarney, with nothing on but a sheet, which he ultimately threw off, more fully to enjoy the morning breeze, at daybreak. The presence of policemen would, we fear, preclude the inhabitants of London from anything like a systematic indulgence in this particular pleasure; but those citizens who wish to enjoy such of the advantages of the Turkish bath as are compatible with residence in a town, may readily do so at Evans's, 32, Golden Square.

*The Prairie and Overland Traveller.* By Captain R. B. Marcy. (London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.) This is a useful guide-book for emigrants from the United States to California and Oregon, but the curious and minute information it contains will prove of service to any traveller in any part of the world who may have an extensive tract of desert country to traverse. Captain Marcy has evidently acquired his knowledge by a long course of practical experience. He has made frequent and perilous journeys, in which he has occupied the responsible position of commander, and, as such, he is acquainted with every contingency that can arise on a line of march. Nothing is too insignificant to escape his attention, and, in describing the best mode of repairing waggons, of packing stores, of making camp fires or attacking Indians, of carrying water or driving loose horses, of fording rivers or saddling oxen, he manages to arrest the attention of home-keeping readers, as well as to instruct those for whom the little manual is specially intended.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

The "Quarterly Review" for October. (Murray.) The current number of the "Quarterly Review" is one of great value. If the "Quarterly" has lost much of its original vigour and nearly all of its original brilliancy, it has probably gained in the trustworthiness of its information, in the ripeness of its opinions, and in its tone of calm moderation and justice. The number commences with a paper on the Brazilian Empire, a subject treated after a manner for which the "Quarterly" is justly renowned; careful, luminous, suggestive, and one that cannot fail to prove of the highest interest. The writer possesses the eminently clear and pleasing style that belongs to Southey's great work on the Brazils, now unfortunately and undeservedly almost forgotten. Brazil, we are reminded, is a country of the most enormous extent. In size it is only inferior to China and Russia. All Western Europe might be placed within it; all our Indian empire might be placed within it; it is larger than the United States; it is fourteen times larger than France. For forty years it has exhibited the spectacle of a settled constitutional monarchy. Humboldt used to say that the regions of South America awfully impressed his mind with a sense of the instability of the earth's surface; and yet

these only faintly symbol forth the fierce passions and violent revolutions of the unquiet human spirits that range these lands. Most novel and impressive, therefore, is the Brazilian spectacle of such settled order and such growing prosperity. The ecclesiastical element has a strong position. At Bahia the population is less than a thousand, and the churches are upwards of sixty. The services are celebrated with more than Italian pomp. The prospects of education are of the most favourable description. Literature and science are in a hopeful condition. More tangibly, Brazilian securities bear the highest character in the London money market. We are presented with some very brilliant accounts of the scenery of the country. The two mighty streams of Amazon and La Plata render Brazil unexampled for beauty and fertility. Neither is the climate so hot as might be supposed. From the forests come the moist land-breezes laden with spice odours, and the cool winds set in at an early hour. All the features of the landscape are on a gigantic scale. One traveller on entering the woods compared them to a vast conservatory filled with the choicest exotics. This interesting article is succeeded by a paper on Deaconesses. The writer gives us an account of deaconesses in the primitive Church, and in Germany at the present time, and argues very strongly. We avow ourselves entirely converts to his theory, in favour of their institution. Both as respects supply and demand there appears to us to be full room for a female diaconate. There are hundreds of amiable and self-sacrificing women who would gladly devote themselves to a profession that would afford them a decent maintenance, and enable them to perform such services to the suffering and degraded as they only could adequately render. Dr. Fliedner's experiment at Kaiserswerth has been of the most satisfactory description. The writer points out how the railway system takes families away from London, depriving the ever-thickening population of that help and healthful influence which, in old-fashioned times, they used to derive from a resident gentry. In this movement the name of Miss Louisa Twinning appears to us to be entitled to especial honour. This question, however, is in fact only a part of that larger question of female agency to which the attention both of practical and speculative minds is now so much directed. Some recent school stories afford a text for a very careful article on Public School Education. As a specimen of good tempered adverse criticism, the strictures on these books are very well worth perusal; while, on the general subject, the writer evidently speaks with all the weight to be attached to the utmost good sense and extensive experience. Next, in order, is a chatty, learned, and amusing article on "Wills and Will-making." George Eliot's novels are then reviewed at great length. We think that the reviewer has carried quotation from such well-known works to an absurd extent. From the writer's point of view, his criticism on these stories is substantially just—it is a point of view eminently characteristic of the "Quarterly"—but the number of dissentients must be very large. The charges against Miss Evans, of general affection and the intrusion of the writer's personality, are scarcely made out. More weight is, perhaps, to be attached to the remarks on the religious and moral effects of the works. Much stress is laid upon the fact that Miss Evans has been the translator of Strauss's notorious works. We feel very sure that the religion which abounds in these novels is employed mainly for artistic purposes, and not with any real earnestness. Nevertheless, any influence which Strauss may have had upon this powerful and accomplished mind, is quite imperceptible in her stories, and the mention of Strauss may have an unfair tendency to raise a popular religious cry against the authoress. The exhibition of fierce and almost animal passions is to be regretted, not that such is not unhealthily real enough, but because it introduces the knowledge of evil to countless minds that might be mercifully preserved from it. The article on "Mr. Foster's Arrest of the Five Members" fully endorses those views which alone among our contemporaries we expressed at the appearance of the book. The present number of the "Quarterly"

faithfully reflects nearly all subjects of importance of the day, and its pages possess a very real and independent value of their own.

"The Edinburgh Review" for October. It is difficult—almost presumptuous—to find fault with an "Edinburgh." To pronounce any number of such a review dull, or lacking in general interest, is to incur the risk of being ostracised for the lack of critical perception. But as Homer sometimes nods, so may it be permitted even to this journal to be occasionally heavy, and in spite of the large research, the extensive knowledge, the healthy and vigorous thought displayed in the present number, it does not contain one subject of immediate or universal interest (unless we except the article on the United States), while we miss at the same time, by way of lightening such topics as "International Law," "Max Müller's Ancient Sanscrit Literature," "The Churches of the Holy Land," and "Scottish County Histories," any article of a popular and literary character. At this momentous crisis in European politics, we should have expected also a political article on one or more of those subjects which are filling men's thoughts, and which form the theme of every drawing-room conversation. Having said thus much, it is almost superfluous to add, that however much he may be disappointed with what seem like omissions, every intelligent reader will find food for interest and thought in some, if not in all, of the nine articles presented to him in the current number of "The Edinburgh." The first article, on the present state of geographical knowledge, points out, clearly and succinctly, not only what has been accomplished, but how much of the earth's surface remains yet to be explored, especially in Africa, Arabia, Australia and the interior of China. Touching on that ancient but ever-interesting problem, the sources of the Nile, the essayist expresses his belief that "if any single lake-basin represents the main source of the Nile, Nyanza is that lake." Our readers will remember that Capt. Speke is again endeavouring to pursue his discoveries in that direction, having left England six months ago, with the express object of following the lake into the Nile, if the two are, as he believes, connected. It appears that two years will be required to decide the question. The review of Dr. Winslow's work on "Obstetrics and Diseases of the Brain," contains many curious statements concerning cerebral disorders. Dr. Winslow thinks that the incipient signs of mental disease should be carefully watched; and we agree with the writer of the article on brain difficulties, that very trivial signs would afford a sufficient clue to a skilful physician. But, on the other hand, it may be argued that these signs—many of which Dr. Winslow has mentioned—are so insignificant in themselves, that even if observed by friends, they would scarcely feel justified in calling in a "mad doctor" to advise upon the symptoms. Imagine the uncomfortable surprise of a paterfamilias on finding that he was suspected of incipient lunacy, because he drops his stick rather frequently, or has a slight disorder of the sight, or mislays his papers, or forgets his appointments! "It's a mad world, my masters," and, like the young lady whose insanity led her to stand upon her head, both things and people are apt occasionally to get topsy-turvy; but it would be a still more uncomfortable world if a man's mild idiosyncrasies led him to incur the risk of a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. "The Westminster Review." The opening article, entitled "New Christianity," is a perfect masterpiece of erudité and elaborate criticism. After the one-sided and unsatisfactory treatment which "Essays and Reviews" have hitherto received at the hands of the majority of their critics, it is perfectly refreshing to turn to the paper before us, characterised as it is by such profound thought and pre-eminently logical consistency. The writer very fairly assumes that "Essays and Reviews," being the joint production of a number of the acutest thinkers of our two great universities, may be justly considered as representing the ideas of a large body of the more vigorous minds within the Church. After a careful and impartial analysis of the arguments embodied in the several essays, he arrives at the conclusion that, although written confessedly without concert or comparison, the whole book exhibits a virtual unity of purpose, and that its whole tone and tendency is "radically to destroy not a

part, but the whole of the popular belief." Such a phase in the progress of religious thought the reviewer regards as deeply deplorable. But if a man is honestly convinced in his own heart that the popular creed is opposed to the dictates of his own reason and consciousness, what course is he to pursue? He has the choice only between the open expression of unbelief and the hypocrisy of concealment. It is, indeed, a choice between two evils. It must be a profound evil that all thinking men should reject a national religion; but it is almost worse that they should falsely pretend to accept it. It is this state of doubt and indecision the reviewer condemns in the tone of the author of "Essays and Reviews." They have either not gone far enough, or they have gone too far. They have destroyed without reconstructing. Their premises are true, but they have not carried them to their logical conclusion. The paper on Robert Owen in connection with the present organisation of the Industrial System is a very interesting article, full of sound, practical suggestion. The two political articles, respectively entitled the "Organisation of Italy," and "Russia, Present and Future," bear the impress of profound thought, and are written in the "Westminster's" best style. We regret that we cannot say so much for "W. M. Thackeray as Novelist and Photographer," which is a somewhat dull and rambling article, with little claim to originality.

## BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

- Accidents of Childhood, or Cautionary Stories for Headless Christians, 18mo., 1s. 6d. Routledge.
- Adams (W.), On the Reparative Process in Human Tendons, 8vo., 6s. Churchill.
- Adams (W. H.), Neptune's Heroes, or the Sea Kings of England, 12mo., 5s. Griffith and Co.
- Barker (W. G.), On the Climate of Worthing, 12mo., 3s. Churchill.
- Bewick (J.), Cleveland Ironstone, royal 8vo., 21s. Weale.
- Blakie (W. G.), Imperial Atlas of Modern Geography, 4to., 6s. Blackie.
- Boosey's Ball-room Music Book, 4to., 4s. Boosey.
- Bowman's (A.), Bear Hunters in Rocky Mountains, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Routledge.
- Brownell's New Life, cheap edition, 12mo., 2s. Low.
- Cambridge Greek and Latin Texts—Europides, by Paley, vol. 2, 18mo., 3s. 6d. Whittaker.
- Cann's Twenty Years of an American Slave, new edition, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Routledge.
- Carnarvon (Earl), Recollections of the Druses of the Lebanon, post 8vo., 2s. Murray.
- Carter (T. T.), Imitation of Our Lord Jesus Christ, 2nd edition, 8vo., 2s. 6d. Masters.
- Clarke (Mrs. Cowden), Concordance to Shakespeare, new edition, royal 8vo., 3s. 6d. Kent.
- Cook (Capt.), Voyages of Discovery, by Barrow, 16mo., 7s. 6d. Black, Edinburgh.
- Dean's Unwearable Child's Delights, royal 8vo., 1s. Dean.
- Dean's Washable and Unwearable Toy Books—Pussey's Party, Jack Sprat, 1s. 6d. each.
- Deacon (W.), Commentary on the Gospels, for Sundays and Holidays, vol. I, 8vo., 1s. Bell.
- Dresser (C.), Popular Manual of Botany, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Black, Edinburgh.
- Dundonald (Earl), Autobiography of a Seaman, vol. 2, 8vo., 1s. Bentley.
- Edgar (J. G.), Sea Kings and Naval Heroes, 12mo., 5s. Bell.
- Elliott (C. J.), Historical Lectures on Life of our Lord—Hulsean Lectures, 1859, 8vo., 1s. J. W. Parker.
- Family Library—Bruce's Life, new edition, 18mo., 2s. 6d. Tregz.
- Famous Fairy Tales, by Alfred Crowquill, 4to., Coloured, 6s. Ward and Lock.
- Gardner (W.), On Gout, Its History, Causes, and Cure, 4th edition, 12mo., 8s. 6d. Churchill.
- Galloway (R.), First Steps in Chemistry, 3rd edition, 12mo., 6s. Churchill.
- Garibaldi's Life, new edition, royal 8vo., 1s. Ward and Lock.
- Gems of Church Psalmody, 16mo., 1s. Griffith and Farrar.
- Gleanings from Lives of Celebrated Men, 18mo., 2s. Dean.
- Greely (W.), Essays on Leading Principles of the Reformation, 8vo., 1s. Masters.
- Hand-Book of Wesleyan Psalmody, 16mo., 1s. Groombridge.
- Harding (G.), Handy Book of Ecclesiastical Law, 12mo., 2s. Chappell.
- Hawsett (H. G.), Heroes of Europe—Biographical Outline of European History, 12mo., 6s. Bickers.
- Hiles (W. H.), Essentials of Physiology, 18mo., 2s. 6d. Denton.
- Hove (W. W.), Psalms II. Course of Seven Lenten Sermons, 12mo., 1s. Gardner.
- Howitt (M.), Lilliputes, or Lost and Found, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Routledge.
- Howitt (M.), Treasury of Tales for Young People, 12mo., 2s. Hogg.
- Inman (T.), On Myalgia, Its Nature, Cause, and Treatment, 2nd edition, 8vo., 9s. Churchill.
- Jukes (Mrs.), Earnest Christian, Life of, by Mrs. Gilbert, 4th edition, 12mo., 3s. Seeley.
- Kirk's (N. S.) Hand-Book of Physiology, 4th edition, post 8vo., 1s. 6d. Walton.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION,  
A SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY THE REV. J. CAIRD'S SERMONS.

Not alway mid the blaze of Sinai's height  
Went forth the Word; and to the prophet mind  
Above the fire, the earthquake, and the wind,  
The still small voice maintained its heavenly might.  
He too that once in godliest garb of light  
Before the chosen three transfigured shone,  
Did also, toward Emmans journeying on,  
Talk by the way, and *then* they learned aright.  
Hence, in no high sequestered world of thought,  
Where only angels soar, our worship lies.  
But on whatever field the fight be fought,  
On this vexed earth where man yet works and dies,  
There more by morn God's benison best is sought,  
And duty fitly done best wins the skies. A. H. H.

**ETYMOLOGY OF CARTMEL.**—Mr. Finlayson, the industrious librarian of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, being an enthusiastic student in the department of archaeology and etymology, has directed a good deal of his attention recently to the elucidation of the origin of the name "Cartmel," a locality well known to all tourists in North Lancashire. In his researches into the earlier writers on the antiquities of Lancashire, Mr. Finlayson found Whittaker holding out that Cartmel derived its name from having been a camp, or fortified place, at a very early period. Mr. Whittaker came to this conclusion from mistaking "Cart" for "caer," which, in the Celtic, is the word for a fortified place, and accounts for the present prefixes of several of our oldest towns, such as Carlisle, Carnarvon, &c. In consulting other antiquarian authorities, Mr. Finlayson considers himself safe in coming to the conclusion, altogether at variance with Whittaker, that throughout Cartmel there never was a fort or castle, or entrenched camp, erected by its original settlers—the Celts. Dr. Whittaker perpetuated the error of his namesake in deriving the word from "kert," a camp or fortification, and "mell," a fell—literally a fortress among the fells; and in this way has given a meaning which has been readily adopted by Baines, Close, and other well-known writers on Lancashire topography. The Celtic orthography of the name, Mr. Finlayson holds as proving that the situation of the place originally communicated its name, and thus—"carth," an elevated cape or steep ridge; "meall," meaning sands or sandbanks. In combination, the words signify the steep cape in the sandbanks. In the Celtic, the letters C, G, and K may be interchanged by merely a hard or soft utterance; instances of this kind being very numerous, and giving a similar meaning to "carth," "garth," and "karth." As to the postfix "meals," it is variously spelt in different parts of the country, but has in all the same meaning. Mr. Finlayson introduces the following quotation from Camden:—"Egfrid, King of the Northumbrians, bestowed on the famous St. Cuthbert the land which is called Cartmell, and all the Britons in it (for thus in his life it is written). For it is well known that Cartmell was a part of this province to Kent Sand." Here we have convincing evidence that the name as given in the first instance did not apply to a town, and in the latter it is clear it formed part of the province of Northumbria to Kent Sand, or, as it is now called, Kents Bank—being the extreme point of the steepest part of the cape. The gift would have been of no earthly use if confined to the limits of the present town of Cartmel, which is in reality a myth, inasmuch as from time immemorial the houses have always been classed under other townships, as Allithwaite and Holker, Cartmel Church Town—Cartmel merely enjoying the name as an act of courtesy, in consequence of the priory church being the parish church. In a very old map, the name is written "Cartholme Passage," which would literally mean "the way to the cape by the holm," or near Holme Island. The authorities quoted by Mr. F. consist of extracts from the public records, charters of confirmation, a bull of Pope Innocent in the Harleian collection, British Museum; Texatio Ecclesiastica, P. Nicholai; Leland's Itinerary; Camden's Britannia; Bibliotheca MSS., Lambeth Palace; Rawlinson MSS., Bodleian Library, Oxford; and MSS. in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.—*Manchester Examiner.*

**THE TEMPLE CHURCH.**—This building is again open (free) every day from ten till four. Divine service on Sundays at eleven and three.

## The Literary Gazette.

## THE "ATHENÆUM" AND MR. MUDIE.

"GENTLE dulness ever loves a joke," said Pope. Possibly this fact of human nature is the correct explanation of a very remarkable article which appeared in a contemporary last week, and which it is hard to look upon as anything but such a joke as gentle dulness may be supposed to love. If our readers will be good enough to refer to the *Athenæum* of last Saturday, they will find there nearly three columns devoted to a "review" of a small brochure published by Messrs. Saunders and Otley. Now we do not intend to break through the wholesome rule in literary etiquette, which prohibits a review of a review, but the peculiarities of the case are so striking that we shall be readily pardoned for pointing them out, and extracting from them the salutary lesson which they contain. "Advice to Authors," the unfortunate pamphlet which is made the victim of the incoherent animadversions of the *Athenæum* is not a startling production. It has no pretensions to anything like literary excellence. It is simply and solely relative to the business details of publication, and is no more worthy of a review than Lilwall's "Commercial Circular," or a "Handbook for Compositors." We have looked carefully through this effusion, and what do we find in it? No baneful theory of philosophy or religion, no pernicious social doctrines, no advice, good, bad, or indifferent, upon any really literary subject; but we have specimens of the various sizes of pages, we are initiated into the mysteries of bourgeois, brevier, nonpareil, and pica; demy, post, and small octavo; we see the meaning of all the curious hieroglyphics which throng the margin of a proof-sheet; we are taught how to fold up paper for the printer, and only to write on one side of the page, and we learn some of the arcana of the trade. The only piece of advice to authors that we can imagine at all capable of being styled literary, is a warning against the too frequent employment of italics. *Hinc illa lachryma.* This unhappy pamphlet is thought worthy of an article, which reminds one irresistibly of Mr. Peter MacGrawler, that great "Asinæum" critic, and his famous division of all reviewing into tickling, slashing, and plastering. The article in question is remarkable as combining all three styles. It tickles, it slashes, and it plasters; and all in a spirit and with a success worthy of the great MacGrawler himself, or his celebrated pupil, Mr. Paul Clifford. We may remark in passing, without drawing any inference, that Messrs. Saunders and Otley were the original publishers of "Paul Clifford," in which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton so mercilessly exposed the system of reviewing pursued in the fictitious pages of the "Asinæum"—a system, it would appear, which has not yet lost votaries amongst *soi-disant* respectable writers.

The first peculiarity, then, of the review, is that it concerns a pamphlet which, but for other reasons, our contemporary would no more deign to notice than it would the similar works which the indefatigable agents of Messrs. Moses and Son hurl into the cabs at railway stations. But still more significant is the fact that this great guide to authors has been published, and before the book-world, for *nearly fifteen years*. For fifteen long years has the *Athenæum* permitted this pernicious publi-

cation to circulate untickled, unplastered, and unslashed; for fifteen years has this vigilant guardian of literary interests forgotten to put the multitudes of writers and thinkers who faithfully take their tone from its columns, on their guard against the insidious attacks of such a poisonous pamphlet; for fifteen years has it connived at this "attempt to deceive the young and ignorant," this song of hypocritical "syren tones," this dishonest concealer of the "sunken rocks on which so many literary aspirants are hopelessly wrecked!" Surely "the hallowed few who contributed to its circulation" during that time, (to borrow Bulwer's account of the other journal,) have every reason to complain of this grave dereliction of duty. According to the *Athenæum* the object of the "Advice to Authors" is "to feed upon the literary ambition of fools by publishing any drivellings at the cost of the author." Would it not then have been in accordance with the kindly, charitable, and courteous nature for which the *Athenæum* is proverbially famous, to have warned these fools of the dangers which surrounded them? After all, we confess it appears to us quite as harmless to publish drivellings at the cost of the author as at the cost of the proprietors of a weekly journal.

But again, why should the *Athenæum*, when reviewing the "Advice to Authors," go out of its way to abuse the "house" which published it, and revile the "Oriental Budget"? Of the latter, we are told that it is a cheap and feeble patchwork of materials chiefly taken from the *Athenæum* or the *Publisher's Circular*. We have ourselves never had the pleasure of perusing a number of the "Oriental Budget," but if we may rely on our contemporary's assurance of the source whence it is compiled, we are quite ready to join with him in his denunciation of its feebleness. We have said enough to show that the article was written with strong and decided *animus*, and fortunately it also betrays the nature of this *animus*, for from a virulent slashing of Messrs. Saunders and Otley, we are taken to an amusing tickling of Mr. Mudie. "Some take hold of Suits," says Bacon, "only for an Occasion, to cross some other." The *Athenæum* has entered into a suit against a respectable publishing firm, merely as an occasion to cross "some other," and to defend Mr. Mudie from charges against which Mr. Mudie is not able to defend himself. There is something, too, singularly aggravating about the way in which this attack is made. It reminds us of Mrs. Squeers, who not only made the unlucky inmates of Dotheboy's Hall swallow brimstone and treacle, but afterwards wiped her be-treached hands upon their curly locks. So, Mr. Mudie makes the publishers swallow his nauseous dose of half-price, and then wipes his hands, which do not come quite clean out of the transaction, on Messrs. Saunders and Otley. It is impossible for us to conjecture why this firm should have been fixed upon. This is a secret kept within the MacGrawlerian parlour. For ourselves, we can only regret that our remarks have furnished a pretext for one of the most infamously unfair attacks on a private firm (in no way answerable for those remarks) that literary history can record. A pamphlet of no literary pretensions, no literary character whatsoever, and which has been out for fifteen years, is made the peg on which to hang this ragged and disreputable article, and a journal of some standing, and a certain amount of respectability, is found ready to lend its columns, and such literary talent as it may possess,

to shield the would-be Aristarchus of New Oxford Street, whose feeble reply had not been found quite adequate to the occasion.

However, let us turn for a short time to the defence which is thus set up by the quondam literary oracle. Fixing upon one special class of works, the *Athenæum* alleges, and not unjustly, that half the publishers' price is an adequate remuneration for them, and that fifteen shillings is quite a proper representative of their average marketable value. But it seems to imagine that *all* good three-volume novels have been filtered for weeks and months through the pages of some popular journal. This is what we at once deny. To take two instances: "Castle Richmond" was not a reprint nor the "Mill on the Floss." For our own part, we look with much apprehension on the present piecemeal style of novel-writing, and although many capital fictions have been given to the world in this way, as a rule the stories which come out in the magazines are ill-constructed and carelessly composed. We do not at all see how the "growth or outbreak of periodical literature" excuses the untradesmanlike system of purchase adopted by Mr. Mudie, except in cases like "The Woman in White," or "Framley Parsonage" (*in posse*). Still less has the growth and outbreak of periodical literature to do with the iniquitous rejection of books, for unfair causes, which, after all, constitutes the most serious charge against Mr. Mudie. We confess that if the publishers are willing to allow themselves to be imposed upon, it is their own concern and their own fault. But we are bound to express our abhorrence of any individual censorship, whether in the Lord Chamberlain or Mr. Mudie, and we are equally bound to expose and denounce such an assumption of intellectual supremacy. It is all very well for the *Athenæum*, with a presumptuousness worthy of its palmy days, to say that the charge is ridiculous. We maintain that the charge is one of serious interest to the public. That Mr. Mudie cannot keep a book out of his library in the face of a strong demand is an undoubted fact; and, of course, Mr. Mudie could not refuse to take the works of George Eliot, or Miss Yonge, or Thackeray, or Dickens, but he has an almost autocratic power over young and unknown writers, whose only way into notoriety lies through Mr. Mudie and his monster establishment. We receive daily strong corroboration of this charge of capricious rejection, and we are convinced that unless the grounds for this charge are done away with, the result will be far from welcome, to Mr. Mudie on the one hand, or the public on the other. Let us assure Mr. Mudie of one thing, that he will not better his case by hiring a literary tool to abuse a private firm, whom he or it chooses to consider an adversary. We had hoped that the era for such unscrupulous journalism had gone by.

Mr. Mudie has written a letter to the "Guardian," in which he goes through his usual formula of categorical denial. He gives his reasons for the withdrawal or suppression of "Miriam May," and denies that any High Church fiction is rejected because it is High Church. We quote our contemporary's remarks on Mr. Mudie's letter, containing, as they do, such ample confirmation of our charge:—

"We did not make our accusation without having personal knowledge of the difficulty that has been

experienced in obtaining High Church books from Mr. Mudie's. Four different applications, at different intervals of time, were made for the 'Bishop of Oxford's Addresses,' but without obtaining the book. Five times was 'Cordova Abbey' sent for and met by some evasive reply, such as that it was not out. It was only on persisting in stating that the book had been out two months, that a final answer was given that it was not allowed in the library. Another work, the title of which we do not now remember, had been 'withdrawn.' A clergyman writes word that Mr. Mudie refused to supply him with the second part of 'Bernard Leslie,' by the Rev. W. Gresley. A lady complains that she has had the greatest difficulty in obtaining Mrs. Alfred Gatty's well-known stories. We have several letters making the general charge that High Church books are not to be obtained. One clergyman writes from the north that a book-club, in which there are eleven clergy, have found the difficulty so great that they desire to be recommended to some other library. Another, for six months at the sea-side, never saw a High Church book in the library, entirely supplied from Mudie's, though they were continually entered upon the list of books wanted. We have only to add, that we do not know a single instance of difficulty in obtaining other books, but have often admired the apparent lavishness with which a new copy of a book has been obtained, when there was not one in the library at the time of application. The authoresses of 'The Heir of Redclyffe' and 'Amy Herbert' are too popular with the general reading public to fear that their works would ever be put upon the 'Index Expurgatorius' of even the most zealous Nonconformist. And supposing 'Miriam May' to be as bad as Mr. Mudie thinks it—and we plead guilty to ignorance of its contents—we do not see why he should be allowed to make it a stalking-horse on which he may escape from the other charges, which are authenticated."—*Guardian*, Oct. 17.

## MUSIC.

## HER MAJESTY'S.

Owing to the pressure of several important matters, and the necessarily limited amount of space assigned to our musical report in consequence, we were unavoidably compelled to curtail, rather abruptly, our notice of the first night's performance of "Robin Hood" at this establishment, which we will now resume.

The third act opens with a view of the castle garden, where the *Sheriff*, after upbraiding *Allan* for his refusal to procure *Robin's* death-warrant from the *King*, discovers that his daughter has fled from her chamber. *Marian*, in the meantime, having assumed man's attire, escapes to the forest, where she makes herself known to *Robin's* companions, who, electing her for their guide and chief, make their way back to the prison; and, overpowering the guard, release *Robin Hood* from the custody of the *Sheriff*. The return, however, of the *Sompnor*, with a missive from the *King* and a considerable body of troops, again turns the scale against *Robin*; when the document, instead of being a death-warrant, turns out to be a free pardon, on the condition that he and his merry men will henceforth devote their services to their king and country. Of course, under these circumstances the *Sheriff* gladly consents to the union of the lovers, and general happiness ensues.

As we have already briefly noticed the music in the first act, we will pass on to the remainder of this opera. Mr. Macfarren seems to have been not quite so successful in the unaccompanied four-part song at the commencement of the second act (vocal score, p. 77), which, contrary to all expectation, fell rather flatly. Another four-part song, also unaccompanied, in the middle of the third act, "Now the sun has mounted high" (p. 289), was, through some accident, omitted altogether from the performance, although the short instrumental prelude on the horns, which seemed to lead up to it, was played through.

The splendid song in the first act, "Englishmen by birth are free" (p. 57), was magnificently declaimed by Mr. Sims Reeves, and, as a natural con-

sequence, was redemanded unanimously by the audience. With this request, however, Mr. Sims Reeves very wisely declined to comply, being fully aware that the share of the music assigned to him by the composer was of quite sufficient extent to employ and even tax his vocal powers to the utmost. So much, indeed, was this the case that Mr. Macfarren found it necessary to diverge from his original plan in the first act, and lay aside the *terzetto*, in which *Marian*, *Locksley*, and the *Sheriff* took their respective parts, substituting in its place a baritone solo for the *Sheriff* ("A dark and troublous time is this"—p. 32).

Mr. Santley took the part of *Sheriff*, and we are bound to add, displayed a much greater aptitude for dramatic effort than we had supposed possible, judging from his various appearances at Covent Garden. Those who had seen Mr. Honey's drolerries as *Mayor of York*, in Henry Leslie's elegant operetta romance, will at once recognise in him an admirable representative of the *Sompnor*. Assuming this to be Madame Lemmens-Sherrington's first appearance on an English stage (as we are assured in the handbills), we consider her *début* as one of the most successful and extraordinary on record; the ease with which she went through the part of *Marian*, resembling in its character long and familiar acquaintance with stage proprieties, rather than the self-possession of an intelligent novice. Her singing throughout the opera was remarkable for its brilliancy and vivacity, deriving a substantial support from the vigorous and artistic impersonation of *Robin Hood* by Mr. Sims Reeves, who on this occasion put forth his unrivalled powers in a way that would of itself have insured the success of this opera.

The house was crowded throughout; in some parts most inconveniently so, as we ourselves could testify from personal experience. At the end of the first act, the leading *artistes* and Mr. E. T. Smith were called for; at the close of the performance, all the principal *artistes* were summoned before the curtain; and a unanimous shout was raised for the composer, who bowed his acknowledgments from one of the upper boxes.

A very interesting circumstance in connection with the composition of this opera may be mentioned here. Owing to the melancholy loss of sight under which Mr. Macfarren has laboured for some years, he was, of course, unable to place a single note of his music upon paper. The whole was dictated, note for note, and carefully taken down by Mrs. Macfarren from his dictation. The gigantic intellectual effort requisite to register the whole of a work like this in the head, can be but imperfectly understood, much less estimated, by those who have never been reduced to such an extremity.

A subsequent hearing of this opera has considerably strengthened the impressions which we first entertained. A few curtailments have been made; the baritone song in the first act (p. 32), the two intermediate verses of the *Sompnor's* song (p. 42), the two last verses of the trio (p. 83), and the whole of the unaccompanied four-part song (p. 289) being omitted, the sparkling duet for *Marian* and *Alice* (p. 134) has been transposed to the end of the second scene. In compliance with a suggestion thrown out by a musical critic, Mr. Halle has considerably accelerated the time in the pathetic song of the *Sheriff's* daughter, "True Love" (p. 38), and has thereby deprived it of the exquisitely mournful and earnest character which formed so conspicuous a feature in its performance on the first night. Second thoughts are not always best, and we hope to find that Mr. Halle, after he has satisfied himself about the true sentiment of this tender and expressive ballad, will return to the original mode of delivering it. As we shall shortly have an opportunity of examining this work more minutely when it comes before us in a published form, we will postpone any critical remarks we may have to make to that occasion.

Verdi's opera, the "Trovatore," was again produced at this theatre on Monday last. The verdict which we hesitated to pronounce last week upon the merits of Signor Briani must be given now; although an intelligent actor, and possessing a handsome appearance, he has failed to win the suffrages of the public, there being little or no music in his voice. There was a very thin attendance, several

of the boxes, and at least one-half of the pit, being empty.

"Don Giovanni" was given on Wednesday, with a very powerful cast, including, of course, Madlle. Titien as *Anna*, and Giuglini as *Ottavio*. Madlle. Parepa, in spite of her excellent singing, hardly satisfies the idea we form of *Zerlina*, the charming village coquette. Signor Hermans undertook the rôle of the *Commendatore*, for which his powerful voice is admirably suited, especially in the last scene, where, amidst the unearthly music of the trombones, his vocal organ is displayed with remarkable effect. Signor Gassier acquitted himself creditably (we can say no more) in the part of *Don Giovanni*; and Giuglini received his usual *encore* in "Il mio tesoro."

## COVENT GARDEN.

Managers would do well to remember that the permanent success of an opera is likely to be seriously imperilled by a too frequent repetition of it, even after its popularity has been well ascertained. Such a proceeding is unfair to all parties, and is calculated not only to create a feeling of satiety amongst the public, but to engender amongst the performers themselves a degree of mental lassitude and physical inactivity, in every way detrimental to the true interests of art. Entertaining these views, we think the Pyne and Harrison company have acted wisely in reviving Meyerbeer's beautiful opera of "Dinorah," which on Wednesday last sounded as fresh and piquant as ever. The only novelty in the cast of the characters was in the assumption of the part of *Hoel* by Mr. Chaple, a gentleman who displays much more ability as an actor than as a singer; his voice being far from strong, and scarcely audible in the trio at the end of the first act. However, he was well received by the audience, and in the famous romance in the third act, "Ah! now I feel the burden," merited and obtained an *encore*. The splendid performance of the difficult and picturesque overture, heightened by the charms of an invisible chorus, deserves special notice; and to a true lover of music we could suggest no greater treat than to listen to the exquisite rendering of it by the magnificent band at this establishment. For this, we are aware, we are indebted to Mr. Alfred Mellon, who seems endowed with all the qualifications, natural and acquired, requisite to form a first-rate conductor. During the last week Herold's overture to "Zampa" has been performed at the end of the opera; a singular innovation, and one which we should not wish to see carried out elsewhere, where execution so spirited and so faultless is not to be

## EXETER HALL.

Encouraged by the success, artistic and financial, which attended the institution of the Monday Popular Concerts of last season, the directors of the "People's Philharmonic" have determined on advancing a step still further, and carrying out a series of concerts on the most enlarged and comprehensive scale. Nothing daunted by the fact that there are already two opera houses, and three distinct operatic companies at work in our metropolis, the projectors of this series have boldly announced their plan of giving three concerts during each week, partly classical and partly miscellaneous, on the evenings of Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, besides an oratorio on the Wednesday. On these occasions some of the noblest compositions of the greatest masters will be performed; and in order that the execution of these grand designs may be on a par with the idea, the directors have secured the services of some of our first soloists, an excellent band, and a tolerable chorus, in all about two hundred performers; but on special occasions numbering more than twice as many, the whole being under the direction of Dr. James Peck, with whom, we understand, the idea first originated. The series commenced on Monday evening last, with a very excellent programme, the first part of which we subjoin:

## PART I.

Overture—"Ruy Blas".....	Mendelssohn.
Part Song—"The Departure".....	"
Concerto—E minor.....	"
Italian Symphony.....	"
Finale (Loreley).....	"

The performance of the overture to "Ruy Blas" was perhaps the most satisfactory of the whole, the music of the symphony requiring much more atten-

tion to light and shade to give it its due effect. Mons. Victor Buzian played the violin concerto with great spirit and neatness of execution; his octave passages were in the most perfect tune; but his tone is remarkably thin, and his fourth string poor and ineffective. In accordance with a plan pursued of late years by both pianists and violinists, and of which we believe Kalkbrenner was the first to set the example, Mons. Buzian played the whole of his music by heart, a feat which says as much for his nerve as for the retentiveness of his memory. At present the chorus is the weakest feature in the entertainment, but under the guidance of so enthusiastic and able a professor of the art as Dr. James Peck, they will soon be qualified to rank beside the Sacred Harmonic, or, indeed, any other of our great metropolitan choral bodies. A very careful and effective performance of the "Messiah," on Wednesday evening last, went far to show that in sacred music, at all events, they had been subjected to very careful training; and in acknowledging the pleasure which we derived from hearing this performance, we sincerely hope that this praiseworthy effort for the diffusion of musical taste and knowledge amongst the masses may meet with all the success to which it is so justly entitled.

## THE DRAMA.

## DRURY LANE.

This old "Thespian temple," as Mr. E. T. Smith styles it, was once more opened, on Monday evening last. Both the pieces and the players are so well known as to render criticism unnecessary. Mrs. Stirling in "The Tragedy Queen," and Mr. Charles Mathews in "His Excellency," are familiar to the London playgoers. However, the marvellous lessee promises a large number of novelties, to be introduced in a very short time.

## HAYMARKET.

Imitating the example of Mr. Dion Boucicault, Mr. John Brougham has brought out a piece, in which the author plays the not least attractive part. Of "Romance and Reality" we regret to say we cannot speak very highly. The plot is absurd to a degree beyond the absurdity conventionally permitted to dramatic writers, and the absurdity of the plot is only equalled by the unnatural sort of characters who carry it out. However, it is full of the most ridiculous misadventures, and the most laughable playing at cross-purposes; and we must do the author the justice to say that the play keeps the house in roar throughout its progress. Of the acting not much need be said. Mrs. Wilkins plays to the life the part of a strong-minded female of the most ultra sort, a part which, we are free to confess, seems to us flagrantly overdrawn, and generally coarse and unpleasant. Miss Florence Haydon has improved, and will in time unquestionably become most successful. Still, she is deficient in vivacity. Mr. John Brougham, the author, has a gentlemanly and pleasant style; though, without making any invidious comparison, he reminds us of Mr. Charles Mathews, and makes us desiderate that performer in a part so exactly suited to his genius. Mr. Chippendale as the irritable and fractious Jasper Manly is admirable.

## LYCEUM.

On Thursday night Miss Gougenheim made her appearance in the character of *Constance*, in Sheridan Knowles' play of "The Love Chase." We consider her performance in this rôle scarcely so successful as her representation of *Norah Merrion* in "The Irish Heiress." Her somewhat noisy style is scarcely so much in place here. She was received throughout with loud applause, which was shared by Mrs. Keeley, who took the part of the *Widow Green*. Mr. George Vining both in this and the following play is imminently good. On Thursday evening, also, Miss Rose Howard made her *début* in Mr. Planché's piece of "Grist to the Mill," which, as our readers may remember, was played at the Haymarket some fourteen or fifteen years ago. Miss Howard's acting is lively, but rather wanting in elegance. She possesses a powerful and melodious voice, and sings with great expression and taste. A little more repose would make her a very good actress.

## SCIENCE.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Oct. 1, 1860.—H. S. Stainton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mons. Deyrolle, of Rue Rivoli, Paris, was elected a foreign member of the society. Mr. Janson exhibited specimens of a *Haltica*, new to the British list, found near Arundel, by the Rev. H. Clark and others, on *Atropa Belladonna*. Mr. Stevens exhibited small collections of insects of various orders, from the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand, and a beautiful pair of *Goliathus Derbyana*, and some allied species from the interior of Africa. Mr. Westwood exhibited some exotic *Lepidoptera*, which he had recently procured on the Continent; amongst many other remarkable species, were *Papilio Daedalus*, and a fine specimen of *Morpho Aurora*, one of the rarest and most beautiful species of that genus. Mr. Westwood also exhibited some examples of the *Saturnia*, including the hybrid reared from *S. Ricini* and *S. Cynthia* in Paris, by M. Guérin Méneville. Dr. Knaggs exhibited some examples of a *Noctua*, allied to *Nonagria concolor*, which he considered to be a distinct species from any previously described, and gave an elaborate account of its distinguishing characters. Mr. Syme exhibited a female of *Sphinx convolvuli*, lately reared from the pupa, in which state it had lived nearly a year, yet the eggs contained in the abdomen were very minute. Mr. Smith exhibited a Danish Humble-bee (*Bombus equestris*), which had flown on board a steamer, when 200 miles from land. Mr. Stainton exhibited some beautiful drawings of the larva of the British species of *Melanippe*, executed by Mr. Buckler, of Brighton. Mr. Bond exhibited some fine *Lepidoptera* from the Isle of Wight. Mr. F. Smith read a paper by R. Frimen, Esq., on the habits of a species of *Mantis*, observed by him at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Janson read a communication on the economy of *Hylobius Abietis*, and the plans best adapted to check the ravages of this beetle in fir plantations.

## THE UNIVERSITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

OXFORD, Oct. 18.

To a casual visitor, the number of persons engaged in cleaning windows, discharging coal waggon, and carrying about pianos, is a striking and instructive statistical fact. I wish Colonel Sykes, who is the greatest man at statistics I ever heard of, and who seems to think that such facts are the most natural and salutary objects of human life, had been in Oxford to witness so instructing a phenomenon, and one which would have enabled the honourable and gallant gentleman to arrive at what he seldom arrives at—an indisputable conclusion.

Very little has happened in the long vacation except a wet summer and a late harvest, and various meteorological circumstances, which I believe are not of local importance, seeing that they have been literally ubiquitous. 1860 will be remembered for many years among us by the fact especially that we had no apricots. This is a local fact, for the genial soil of Oxford—oolite, &c.—is great in apricots. This year they have been soppy in one place, and hard as a rifleman's bullet in another.

But for local news. The head librarian of the Bodleian has resigned, after a service of forty-seven years. His predecessor held the office for exactly the same period. Nearly a century for two literary popes. The smell of calf, russet, &c., taken homoeopathically, must be productive of longevity. Dr. Bandinel, who is going out of office, full of years, but literally full of life, was proctor in 1814, when the allied sovereigns came to Oxford, and he dined with them in the Radcliffe. They and the Holy Alliance, and the other jemcracks of the beginning of this century, have passed away, and the "detestable principle of non-intervention" is reigning in their room. Your readers will remember how Europe and European life has changed since 1814. Never has the outer and inner history of man altered so much. Look at the picture of a dandy of 1814. Look at the political history of the present time, and compare it with those ancient periods. I think there was a good deal of meaning in what a *far niente* friend of mine once said to me,

that he believed in no facts since the accession of her gracious Majesty, and in only a few dates since the battle of Waterloo, and in even these he was disposed to be sceptical. But these links between past and present, these old men, are very notable and instructive. There are some very old folks in Oxford. One man wanders about here of between 104 and 105 years of age.

Dr. Bandinel's successor will be Mr. Coxe, who has been under-librarian for twenty-two years, a fair period of service. There can be no opposition to him, and there ought to be none, for he has tried to make the pleasantest place in the world—the Bodleian reading-room—more accessible and convenient to all its frequenters.

The present term sees one of our triennial elections. Three heads of houses, three professors, and three members of congregation, retire from the council to make way for others, or to be re-elected. The council, your readers may know, represents the old hebdomadal board, with the difference that the members are elected, and elected by the residents. You have no idea how this submission to an elective process has eliminated the use of starch from the dons of the place. The office of member of the council is one of credit and power; and the older members of the university affect it. But to get it they must be civil—at least before election. The University Act built a city between those Olympians and the nether world, after the fashion of the birds in Aristophanes, and so the great folk have descended from their altitudes.

However, there is very little agreement between the council, or rather the measures of the council, and the general congregation. Very few measures pass. The reason is that there is still too strong and overwhelming an element of old fogies in the council, and there will be, till the sectional constitution of the council is carried out to the full, and the university is fairly represented. Meanwhile the election is managed in such a fashion, or rather left so much to itself, that it is impossible to predict with the least likelihood who will fill the vacant places. It is to be hoped, however, that such persons will be chosen as will do something to settle certain important questions. The examination statute must be recast, for it satisfies nobody, and is seriously damaging the university. Something, too, must be done to expand the university, the members of which have absolutely declined instead of increasing with the increasing wealth and education of the country, though one wishes that academical authorities were more alive than they are to the truth of the maxim—"Non progreedi est regredi."

The new university and college constitutions are beginning to be pretty generally felt. Six scholarships and exhibitions were disposed of last week at Queen's, three open and three confined, or rather assigned preferentially, to the northern counties. Why do the north country people stand so much on these preferences, when they always assert that they are so much smarter than the rest of their fellow-countrymen? There are now hardly any restrictions on scholarships, except it be to the north. There are also several coming on at Exeter, two of which are open; three at Magdalene, one of which is assigned to mathematics, one to physical science (that is, chemistry, &c.); one at Jesus, open to all mankind below twenty years of age; and more to come. In all these scholarships, public school work is the staple of the examination; but the election is, of course, determined a little by chance, and a good deal by the competence of the examiners. I mention this because it happens over and over again that young men rejected for scholarship examinations take the highest positions in the class schools afterwards. Let no parent believe that his son is hopeless because he has not succeeded in getting a scholarship. A scholarship is anything but prophetic of future and final success.

You will see, however, that in these times it is thought desirable to give every kind of public notoriety to the scholarships which are proposed and procured in the university. They are, in short, the natural sequiturs to what I see you are making it your business to divulge, the facts belonging to endowed and other grammar schools, and the results which occur from the operation of these several and different institutions. The university and the grammar schools act and react on each

other, and it will be well when their relations are understood to be not only reciprocal, but in some degree antagonistic. We shall do ill, in short, in Oxford, if we do not give a stimulus to the schools, and the schools will do ill unless they have a competition among themselves.

I am very glad that you have agitated the Mudie question. I could not tell why it was that I had sent for "Maid Marion" half a dozen or a dozen times in my past years, and never had it sent me. I thought, I confess, that it was always out, and occupied by other readers. I for one must demur to Mr. Mudie's claim of the right of selection. His right is only to decline that for which the demand is so slight that it does not satisfy him as with the purchase of a single copy. We don't want an *Index Prohibitus* from Mr. Mudie. He is bound, on the question of whether he has a book, to say at once that it would come under Lord Campbell's Act, and therefore it is not safe for him to keep, or to state that it does not pay for its keep. For the rest, if publishers are such fools as to give them their books at half-price, it is time that they organised a co-operative book-club on a large scale.

The professors have put out their notices. They have few hearers, for the time of undergraduates is taken up in attendance on college lectures and the necessary routine of collegiate discipline. At present they do no real work, however much they may mean it. Is it not possible that some way may be devised by which they will find some one to profit by what they say?

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 18.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, last Sunday afternoon, indicated that Term had begun. For many weeks the galleries had been empty, and only a few stragglers had patronised the compartment devoted to Masters of Arts. But on Sunday there was a very respectable congregation, the pit being moderately well filled, and a goodly collection of undergraduates—chiefly freshmen, I suppose—looking down from above. The Hulsean lecturer, the Rev. J. Lamb, Fellow of Caius, and son of the late Master of Corpus and Dean of Bristol, delivered the second of his prescribed discourses. He is discussing the accusations brought against the Saviour, and that of blasphemy was the subject on Sunday. It was a plain, ordinary narrative, quite safe, I should say, from hostile criticism, on the score of originality or speculative opinions. Those who went to have their intellectual pugnacity excited, probably came away disappointed. Is this matter for regret or congratulation? Is it good, or is it bad, that we should always be craving for something new and startling to be thrown into the arena of intellectual athletes—something new and startling, I mean, in the religion which was settled more than eighteen hundred years ago? Mr. Lamb, at any rate, whether wisely or unwisely, avoided the risk of exciting the *odium theologicum*, and contented himself with preaching a discourse which others, as well as the learned audience to whom it was specially addressed, could comprehend and appreciate.

I mentioned last week the re-arrangement of Mr. Hulse's benefaction, and the substitution of a professorship of divinity for the office of Christian advocate, the first election to which will take place on Tuesday, the 30th instant. It is not for me to say who will be candidates for applications for the appointment may be made until Friday, the 27th. It seems, however, to be taken for granted in many quarters that Mr. Ellcott will be elected. The new professor, whoever he may be, will receive four-fifths of the income arising from Mr. Hulse's benefaction, which will amount, I suppose, to £500 or £600 a-year.

It was supposed that the entries this year would be larger than usual; but this does not appear to be the case. The most marked feature in the list of freshmen is the falling off in the number at St. John's. The two large colleges used to run pretty fairly together—Trinity, of course having the advantage, but not to a very remarkable extent. This year, however, whilst Trinity has 174—and might have had many more, if they could have been accommodated—St. John's has only 65. It is not very easy to account for this. Something may be due to the presumed fact of the

Prince of Wales intending to be a member of Trinity; and you hear it said, too, that St. John's has changed its character of late years, not so much in a scholastic, as in a social, point of view. I do not know how far this may have affected the entries of students. Amongst the small colleges the entries are mostly about an average, except that Sidney mounts up to the unusual number of fifteen. At Trinity, I understand, about a dozen undergraduates will be at once accommodated in Dr. Whewell's new hotel, in which the upholsterers have been, and are, hard at work. The side of the quadrangle abutting upon All Saints' Passage, is that which will be thus occupied. The Rev. W. J. Bramont, Fellow of Trinity and incumbent of St. Michael's parish, will take up his quarters in the handsome rooms over the gateway, but I do not know that he will have any special title or jurisdiction.

The two members of the council who were in favour of acceding to the memorial praying for the renomination of Mr. George Williams to the office of proctor, were the Masters of Trinity and St. Catherine's; two gentlemen whose opinions usually carry great weight with them.

Mr. Kingsley, the new Professor of Modern History, has been subject to a good deal of hostile criticism of late, on account of his sermon upon the inefficacy of prayer in reference to the weather. His appointment to a professorship is looked upon unfavourably by a good many here; nevertheless, I presume he is a man who is sure to be popular as a lecturer, and we shall probably find that crowds go to hear him. On Wednesday, the 7th of Nov., he will deliver his inaugural address.

It is said that the arrangements for throwing open King's College, and extending the advantages of that noble foundation, do not go on quite so satisfactorily as they might do. So far as I understand the thing, there is no particular quarrel between the College and the Commissioners; but Eton, thinking itself not quite well treated in the business, throws obstacles in the way. I suppose, in course of time, everything will be made smooth, and we shall see a commencement of the buildings which are to supersede poor Mr. Wilkins's screen.

The Rev. Canon Carus, who had a great following in Cambridge not many years ago, is about to be here on a visit. He will speak and preach on behalf of the Pastoral Aid Society on Saturday and Sunday, and then for two Sundays afterwards he will preach both morning and evening in his old pulpit at Trinity Church, and the building will be crammed to the doors.

There is a project afoot for erecting a memorial of the late Archdeacon Hardwick, who was killed in the Pyrenees last year. It will take the form of a window in Great St. Mary's church, and a partial restoration of the church of Slingsby, Yorkshire, the archdeacon's native village. These things are to be done by subscription; and in addition thereto, the Earl of Carlisle will restore the east window of Slingsby church, and St. Catherine's college will erect a mural tablet in their ante-chapel.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, October 17.

THESE two months, September and October, are in Paris the moments for *guess work* and speculation of all kinds. Nothing is, but everything is going to be. No one's book is "out," but everybody is writing some book that will be "out" soon. Every theatre is to have some extraordinary "attraction," but nothing at all attractive appears yet. Some one or other is talked of as being about to open such a house as never was seen, and give such parties as never were heard of; and reports are current of wondrous vestments and miraculous bonnets that the queens of millinery are to invent, and the queens of fashion are to wear. But of all these marvels nothing is forthcoming for the next three or four weeks, and people only enjoy the gossip of what is to be.

The one grand theme for purely social speculation seems to be the Count d'Aquila, the brother of

the late King of Naples and uncle of the present. His Royal Highness has taken here a perfect palace in the neighbourhood of the Champs Elysées; and the stories told of the manner in which it is furnished are fit only to remind one of the "Arabian Nights." Whatever may be the political misfortunes of the King of Naples, the financial condition of the Count d'Aquila would appear to be prosperous enough, for his expenditure is more than princely. Under the last years of Louis Philippe, a very famous Russian lady built a small hotel in a street leading to the Faubourg St. Honoré. Every one went to visit this abode, both whilst it was in course of construction and after it was finished and furnished, the possessor having given permission during her absence to have it shown. For a whole winter the fashionable circles of this town were occupied in discoursing of the wonders of the Muscovite lady's dwelling; but above all, what public attention dwelt upon with unceasing rapture, was a certain chimney-piece in one of the drawing-rooms, a chimney-piece into the marble whereof were incrusted precious stones—a chimney-piece the cost whereof was said to be 10,000 francs (£400). Those who made their *débat* in society at the period I allude to, may remember how their curiosity was excited and fed by this eternal chimney-piece of the Countess S—; how they heard of little else; and how, whether you spoke with a lady at a ball, or a lounging at one of the clubs, or a deputy at the Chamber, the third question was sure to be in some way relative to the chimney-piece that had cost £400!

But the great reflection prompted by this now is at what a moderate rate people classed luxury in Paris ten or twelve years ago, that they should have thought it worth while to remark a chimney-piece that cost only £400! Why, according to the descriptions given of the Count d'Aquila's residence, there is hardly a window decoration, or a floor, or a ceiling of any of his receiving rooms, that will not cost more than that. I suspect the filling up of the ante-rooms in the gaudy mansions inhabited by Messrs. Miret, Millaud, or Pereine, must cost more than the once-famous jewel-set chimney-piece of the Countess S—. What the particular "line" of the Count d'Aquila is likely to be, I have not yet heard—whether he will be aristocratical or "easy"—whether "fast" or devout—rumour saith not. Nor is it yet known what is to be the character of his entertainments—musical, theatrical, choreographic, gastronomical, spiritual, conversational, or gaudily dull (the latter being a *genre* much cultivated, and thought in supreme good taste here). I repeat it, neither I nor any one else apparently know any details of what the Neapolitan king's uncle is going to offer to the Parisians; but it is understood he is going to do "something," and to whatever he said "something" is to be, people are pre-determined to get invitations if they can.

This, again, is one of the signs of the moral decay of this race; the hunger and thirst, the ravenous appetite, they exhibit for any possible combination by which they can be withdrawn from the monotony of their own firesides and themselves. I have often looked on with wonder at the kind of "attraction" that will draw 600 Parisians of both sexes from their own homes on an inclement night. Sometimes a fortune-teller will suffice, sometimes half-a-dozen sparrows and chaffinches hopping out of their cages and pecking at letters of the alphabet till they spell a name. I have known a cake with a strange name, or ices moulded to look like vegetables, do the business; and once I was a witness to that motley congregation termed "all Paris," having been victoriously compelled by a huge lighthouse-like exhibition of an electric light, which made every single individual look like a corpse that had remained unburied far too long! Anything will do, so long as they can say they are to have anything "shown" to them. The exiled Duke of Brunswick came over to them in a balloon, and when he "receives," shows them his marvellous diamonds, blue, yellow, and black, and they go in flocks to this "show"; but again I say, what the Count d'Aquila will do for them is not yet proclaimed. Neither, I repeat, is it by any means ascertained who will be his guests; as yet, what is by common consent termed here "la société" showers down insult upon the Neapolitan Prince, and it would seem as though

he were likely to be reduced to the not over respectable set of persons who consent to be presented at the Tuilleries, and form the Imperialist circles.

*Apropos* of the Tuilleries, there is at this moment going on one of those small comedies that always afford immense amusement to the initiated. His Majesty Napoleon III. is absorbed in the concoction of a drama for the Cirque, to be entitled, "The Syrian Massacres!" He first charged M. Mocquard (the gentleman who, in his master's name, corresponded with the four Liverpool merchants, and with the "Tipperary Examiner") to make out the plan of a gr-r-r-and melodrama, in which "public opinion" should be excited about the Eastern question, and fanned into enthusiasm for Oriental Christians and Abd-el-Kader. The Emir is just now one of Louis Napoleon's chief pre-occupations. There is something theatrical about him, that captivates the man whom his enemies call "*Le Grand Costumier de l'Europe*." The Emperor, then, had determined on a splendid Syrian spectacle, and before leaving for his "provincial engagement" in Savoy and Nice, where the Empress and himself were to "star it" on so large a scale, he entered into all the details of the matter with his *alter ego*, who is a *vauvevilliste* to his very finger tips. The necessity, however, of having down M. Mocquard to Chambéry and Nice, to "colour the chronicles" of the Imperial progress, somewhat stood in the way of his dramatic labours. Instead of inventing speeches for Abd-el-Kader, he was obliged to imagine *des mots spirituels* for the poor, good-natured, silly Empress, and the more plebeian stage of the Circus was abandoned for the not less spangle and tinsel, but grander one, of the Imperial performances! As soon, however, as the court was once more "at home" at St. Cloud, and that the small business of the trap to catch Lamorièvre and assassinate a few hundred young Frenchmen, was comfortably settled (besides the still minor matter of going into mourning for the Empress's sister); as soon as a few little things of this sort were "seen to," as housemaids say, Louis Napoleon set M. Mocquard to work again at the "Massacres!"

M. Mocquard secured to himself a *collaborateur*, in the person of a well-known dramatist of the *Boulevards*, and busily has the task been prosecuted for the last fortnight. The Emperor himself, at the end of a few days, joined the other couple, and now, no single scene is copied out without his Majesty having had it first read to him, and having added some of his prose to the work! His ardour is described as extreme, and he has much neglected, in consequence, his forthcoming "*Essay on Julius Caesar*."

Many are the illustrious men of this country—citizens distinguished in better, freer days, for their learning, or eloquence, or honest character—who sigh for the moment when the present ruler of France shall be thoroughly unmasked. It is not for his downfall they pray, but that he may be seen as he really is; in what they persist in holding to be his *inferiority*; in his devotion to falsehood; his reliance only on the baseness of mankind; and his untiring employment of the *smallest* means to reach every end.

This latter quality is certainly a most remarkable one in Napoleon III. He believes in such or such a line of conduct in proportion as it is not elevated or great. He aims at doing all that he does in seeming concordance with "public opinion," but is not only convinced that "public opinion" can be fabricated, but that it is most easily influenced by the lowest arts. The ignoble theatres that line the so-called *Boulevard du Crime* are the Emperor's favourite lecture rooms. Here it is that he believes the "people can best be taught," for here flock most the lazy, drunken, desperate set, in whom he knows his last resource must lie—to whom his last appeal is even now very nearly being made! A year ago, when he wanted to raise "Imperialistic ardour," he helped M. Mocquard to write "*l'Histoire d'un Drapeau*," and for the last four years he has for ever been "inspiring" efforts of this kind. The latest shape, however, by which he seeks to stir the frenzy of the rabble, is the Arab chief, whose early years were spent in cutting off French heads and ears, but who is now to be the hero who is in the East to curb the ambition of perfidious Albion!

## CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

PARIS abounds in public libraries open to all comers, be they in blouse, in cassock, or in military uniform. At the reading-table there is perfect equality, and in the Imperial Library may be seen the private seated by the colonel, the parish curé by the bishop, the cobbler by the count. But of these libraries there are some preferred over others, especially by earnest students, where one can read at ease, write at ease, and have other student comforts. Among such, takes first rank the Mazarin Library, situated in the same building which harbours the Institute of France. The interior reminds one of the old British Museum reading-room in Montague House, with its oaken flooring, old-fashioned chairs, plain tables, half-obsolete globes, unpretending ink-stands, zig-zag book-shelves, and rusty literates. Here the student in ancient literature takes refuge. Though not a monastery, there is monastic quiet about the place, and monastic civility. State your want verbally to the civil guardians, and your want is incontinently supplied, should the means exist; which is more than can be said of the Imperial Library, where your want is not attended to unless you can write it down with a stumpy pen on a formal bulletin, powdering it with Seine sand in default of blotting-paper; and where often, for want of space, you must consult your book standing, or seated in the recess of a window. No one goes there who can help himself elsewhere, notwithstanding all its literary wealth. In the Mazarin Library it is different, and it must be one's own fault if he cannot do there a wholesome day's work. The shelves are laden with books treating of scholastic divinity, and medicine as it was known long ago. There are Bibles in all languages, said to be equal to the Bodleian collection, and the best furnished lawyer will discover that there are there numerous works in his own science which he can hardly hope to find elsewhere. Of course there are numerous odds and ends—

"— Sept cents romans,  
Les uns sots, les autres charmants,  
Cinq cent cinquante comédies,  
Et trois cent trente tragédies."

All this we know from a just-published work, by one of the librarians, Mr. Alfred Franklin,\* who there gives us the history of the celebrated cardinal's library, in the most pleasant and edifying manner. It exhibits great talent, and much bibliographical knowledge. We find that in 1727, when the library was in full working order, the order of things was pretty much as it is at present, except that the *serviteurs* who dust your books for you are now called *gardiens*, and never *gargons*. They are obliging, and like a quiet chat about books in the recesses. Mazarin began to collect books, not exactly for his own reading, but that others might find pleasure in them. Frenchmen are divided as to whether this great minister did more harm than good to France; but all are unanimous as to the value of the gift he bequeathed to the nation in his library. It is worthy of remark that all the great libraries of the Continent, especially in Italy, were due to the patriotism of princes and cardinals. The Mazarin Palace in the Quirinal contained 5,000 volumes, bound by the best binders, brought to Rome from Paris. In Milan, Florence, Rome, and elsewhere in Italy, the great libraries created were due to the intelligence and munificence of the Borromeos, the Chigi, the Colonna, the Barberini, Angelo Rocco. Lately all these libraries were sealed to the public; what may be the case under the new régime, we may regard hopefully; but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they were all open to the public; and Naudé, an enthusiast in books, and the great collector for Mazarin, says of them, "that every one could enter when he pleased, remain as long as he pleased, see and read what he pleased, and make extracts from whatever author was agreeable to him, with every convenience for doing so." Princes in those days made themselves popular through the aid they gave to science and literature. Mazarin, as soon as he came into possession of the Hôtel Teuffel, now occupied by the Imperial Library, resolved that it

\**Histoire de la Bibliothèque Mazarine depuis sa fondation jusqu'à nos jours.* Par M. Alfred Franklin. Paris. 8vo. (London: Barthés and Co.)

should be adorned by a grand collection of books. This was not out of ostentation, nor from a desire to emulate Richelieu, but from a real love of learning, and to confer pleasure on scholars. To assist him in his labour he had the indefatigable bibliophile Naudé, who had formerly been librarian to Richelieu. Naudé went to work with a good heart, and a large supply from his master's purse. In the latter there was no stint. Naudé, for 22,000 livres, purchased the collection of his friend, the Canon Descordes, of Limoges, and this was the nucleus of the library. He then rummaged all the old book-shops, rescued tomes and precious manuscripts from grocers and butter shops, and plunged into every box of literary wares exposed on the parapets of the Pont Neuf. He often came home covered with dust and cobwebs; but his pockets filled with books, and his heart beating with a bibliophile's pride. He bought all that came in his way, helter-skelter. In January, 1643, Mazarin could not boast in his hotel of a single volume, but at the end of this year he was able to throw open its folding doors, and to make it an atheneum for the scores of learned men who flocked there of a Thursday, from morning to night, to handle his library. M. Franklin says that sometimes 84 to 100 were present at one time, commodiously seated and provided with every needful for writing. Books in those days were not so easily collected as now, and the labours of Naudé and the expenditure of Mazarin were in consequence great. De Thou, the historian, after forty years' pursuit of books, could boast of a library slightly exceeding 8,000 volumes. Naudé soon exhausted the old book-shops of Paris, the stalls of the Pont Neuf, and all France. He then went to Flanders, and in 1645 to Italy, where he laid out, on the purchase of books, 27,000 livres. Some continental libraries he bought by the *toise*, at so much a fathom. In England he made few purchases, but from Germany he brought 4,000 volumes. He travelled towards Spain to make purchases there, but political troubles prevented him entering the country, and yet, the Mazarin Library has a valuable Spanish collection. How it came there, M. Franklin cannot account. But troublous times were coming for both the minister and his library. The Fronde were busy with sword and pen, and in one of the pamphlets of the day it was said disrespectfully of the Cardinal and his books—

"Cette superbe librairie  
Au-dessus de son écurie,  
Ne t'a pas rendu plus savant  
Que tu n'étais auparavant,  
Cardinal, excrément de Rome."

It was in vain that his friend Auberoche wrote on the title-page of this pamphlet the pentameter:—

"Tot  
Et tantos libros quis nisi doctus amet?"

It was decreed that the library should be sold, and a price was set on the Cardinal's head—

"Enfin cette librairie,  
N'est plus qu'un pillerie,

Et dans Paris chacun se plique  
D'aller voir ce triste débris,  
Qui déplait fort aux beaux esprits."

In the disgraceful pillage, many eminent literary men took part. The palace of the Cardinal was devastated, and the greater portion of his literary treasures scattered abroad. Poor Naudé was almost broken-hearted. The library he called his daughter, and his daughter was violated. The return of the Cardinal with the court to Paris arrested, but never thoroughly repaired, the mischief. In 1654, he began to collect again, but Naudé was now dead. He amassed the same amount of volumes, but not the same amount of literary treasure. Before his death, he was greatly occupied about his library. He entered it one day and, contemplating his books, began crying, "I must quit all these! I must quit all these! What trouble I have had to collect such treasures! Can I abandon them without regret? I shall see them no more where I am going?" The Cardinal certainly had great faith in the things which are; little, it is to be feared, in those which are to be. Not strange in the man whose house was divided between cards and sacraments. His library he bequeathed with an endowment to the "Collège des Conquêtes," which he founded. In opposition to his will, this college was denominated the "Collège des Quatre Nations," as most of its pupils were from the four

provinces which he united to France. In 1691 the public was in possession of the college and library. In 1722, it was known to have more than 45,000 volumes, an excellent catalogue of which was made in 38 volumes, by M. Desmarais, and still to be seen.

No printing press, no books; and of late years the mechanism of printing has been vastly improved. We read now, in the "Augsburg Gazette," that the Imperial printing house of Vienna has just adopted a new mechanical press which works by itself. Whoever has seen a mechanical press at work, knows that a person has to feed the machine by on-laying sheets of paper one by one, which, after they have been passed over the forms, are withdrawn by a workman stationed at the opposite end of the machine. The end of the new invention is to do away with the labour of these two persons. The paper is not put into the press in sheets, but in rolls, as it comes from the manufactory. The entire roll is attached to an axis, and unrolls of itself. Before it reaches the form bearing the letters to be printed, it is cut by a knife to the size of the sheet required, passes them over the form, and comes out printed at the other end, where it is seized by some half-dozen claws or teeth, and laid in heaps as regularly as could be done by the most attentive workman. The labour of a workman is now reduced to this: to attach roll after roll of paper to an axis, or cylinder, and to remove from time to time the heaps of printed sheets. The machine counts at the same time the number of sheets printed. Ten of such presses are now at work in the Imperial printing house, and one man only is required to attend to them. These presses print one side only. The ordinary press is required to print the other; but to complete the invention, M. Auer, the director of the Imperial printing house, is at this moment causing a double-cylinder-press to be constructed, which will print both sides of the sheet at once.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE MUDIE MONOPOLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

Sir,—Although I am not a writer of books, I am a somewhat ravenous reader of them, and, as one of a large class, I am deeply interested in the prevention of "monopoly" in my favourites, and in securing, if possible, a proper distribution of them on equitable, impartial, and reasonable terms. I think, therefore, that the general public, as well as myself, have good right to be greatly obliged to you for your articles on the "Mudie Library," and I trust you will not desist from them until the whole subject of "publication" is perfectly understood and its errors corrected. I have been for many years a collector and purchaser of books, during which time I have had a large intercourse with "the trade," and gained some insight into their mode of dealing; and, without at all wishing to deal hardly with a very respectable body of men, I think it only fair to authors, purchasers, and even to publishers themselves, to state what I know, and to suggest the objections to which the trade rules are open.

Some time ago I was showed what is called, I believe, "A Trade Circular," by which I learned that novels (which formed the subject of the circular) were proffered to the trade at thirteen or fourteen shillings the three volumes, while in a little while after, I saw the same batch of novels advertised to the public at the price of a guinea-and-a-half, and I was present in a bookseller's shop when that price was given for one of them by a stranger. It is possible that such variations in price may be peculiar to particular houses, but, if otherwise, it is evident that some injustice must result, both to the public who purchase and to the authors who write books, because, while the publisher cannot afford to remunerate the writer on a fair scale, the purchaser is overcharged for an article on which the profit seems to be usurious. At all events, the impressions made on my mind were not pleasant ones, and I take it for granted that if such usages be confined to particular publishing houses, others will take the trouble to disperse themselves from them.

In reading over your judicious and much called for remarks on the style of dealing by Mr. Mudie, I apprehend that the monopoly complained of cannot be

stopped or greatly lessened by any "opposition" which would be on a less gigantic scale than the establishment with which it would have to compete, so that without a vast outlay of money and labour nothing could be done, and the evil must run on. The remedy, therefore, clearly remains with the publishers alone, who must, and, I presume, do profit that the intervention of a self-established autocrat between them and their customers is both inconvenient and unprofitable. A combination amongst them, in order to do justice to themselves without acting unjustly towards another, would, as a matter of course, replace the spirit of cupidity by the far more wholesome one of common sense, and ultimately induce Mr. Mudie to consider the interests of others as well as his own. In truth, publishers have (or shortly will have) no other alternative, for the "trade" in general will not sanction the concession of superiority of privilege to *one* librarian; and if it is unwise enough to do so, the suffering public will see many reasons for endeavouring to combat and repress it. Writers of reputation and ability, by whose exertions both the publishers and librarians live and thrive, have a right to the first consideration, and it is a question for *them* also to consider whether they should not join issue in a matter on which their well-being and livelihood depend, and whether they should not assist *you*, sir, in endeavouring to break up a system which may rob them of their character by a "side-wind," or leave it at the mercy of one who will estimate its value by extra influences, against which it is impossible to struggle, and useless to complain. There is evidently no objection, on the part of respectable publishers, to give a generous remuneration to deserving writers for their works, for they well know the difficulties to which the profession of an author is liable; but equally evident is it, that this kindly and cordial agreement cannot continue, unless *both* parties should unite to disown that rapacious "middleman" who has lately crept in amongst them, and is endeavouring to make a ruinous use of both. No doubt it is pleasant enough for a publisher to have a ready-money customer who will absorb an edition at a blow, at what cheap shops call "an awful sacrifice" to the seller: but just in proportion as this sacrifice is submitted to for the present, will the demand for further concessions and still more "awful sacrifices" increase, until at last the "cheap and nasty" dealers will have the literary field to themselves, since no author can afford to live on the Grub Street remuneration which the short profit of publishers can then afford to give; and thus, like a sister branch of the same art, prose literature will and must decline, on precisely the same grounds, and from the same causes, which have led to the declension of the drama, and left us at the mercy of French farce writers and their "adapters," while the good old English comedy lives in our memory, but is economically rendered impossible of revival. It takes nothing from my argument to say that we have still men of mark and genius amongst us, who command their own market, and from whom no grumblings have been heard. So, too, was it when the last generation of the writers of genuine comedy flourished, and compelled managers to give a fairly-remunerative price for a good five-act play; but when they had passed away, and when a few actors and actresses (Mudie like) absorbed the profits of a theatre, leaving exaggerated "scenery and machinery" to do the rest, and when playwrights were the only branch on which the economical screw could be put—then gradually ensued our outcries of the "decline of the drama;" then came the postponement of other "Anthony Absolutes" and "Sir Peter Teazles" to the Greek calends of dramatic literature; and then did we travel forth to Paris to look for materials, which, with fair encouragement, we could easily have found at home.

You will observe, sir, that I have gone somewhat beyond the "Mudie Monopoly" in the foregoing observations, and have yielded (not impertinently, I hope,) to the impulse which tempted me to widen the field. But your articles were so suggestive, and the interests involved in them so great, that the temptation was irresistible, and, in the hope that the length of my letter will be excused on that plea, I beg leave to close it by again returning you my thanks for having courageously and disinterestedly opened

a subject which literary men, publishers, and the general public, will have much to reproach themselves with hereafter, should they supinely lack regard, or leave you to fight the battle which properly belongs to them.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

FAIR PLAY.

Dublin, Oct. 13.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

377, Strand, Oct. 17, 1860.

Sir.—Much having been said in your columns respecting Mr. Mudie's mode of dealing with publishers, we think in fairness to him the real truth should be elicited and stated. For ourselves, therefore, we wish to say that Mr. Mudie in all his transactions with us has *never once* stipulated, nor expressed a wish, to have our books at less than the regular trade prices. Doubtless other houses can give evidence to the same effect if they choose to do so.—Your obedient servants,

J. H. & JAS. PARKER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

Sir,—The literary world and its purveyors, the booksellers, are much indebted to you for your able advocacy and exposure of the illiberal system of trade carried on at the *new guinea* subscription library of Mr. Mudie, New Oxford Street. Holding out this small bait, and promising to supply subscribers with all and every publication issued, he attracts the "bean monde" from Bond Street and the West End to his "corner" in St. Giles's, which is now the magnet of attraction for many of the aristocracy. There "Moses and Mudie" revel in despotic majesty, one over the mind, the other over the body.

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I might enlarge upon this important subject, and probably I may do so, for I have a natural abhorrence of oppression in any shape. Accept my grateful and unequivocal thanks for the talented manner in which you have brought this nuisance before the public; in doing so, I am only echoing the sentiments of hundreds of my fellow-booksellers, whose daily, unceasing, and just complaint I here bear witness to.

I am not aware I have ever seen Mr. Mudie, consequently I cannot feel the slightest personal pique against that gentleman, whom I should greatly admire for his energy and enterprise if rightly directed, but I deeply deprecate a system of aggrandisement in trade at the expense and sacrifice of other industrious and useful members of society.—Yours respectfully,

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